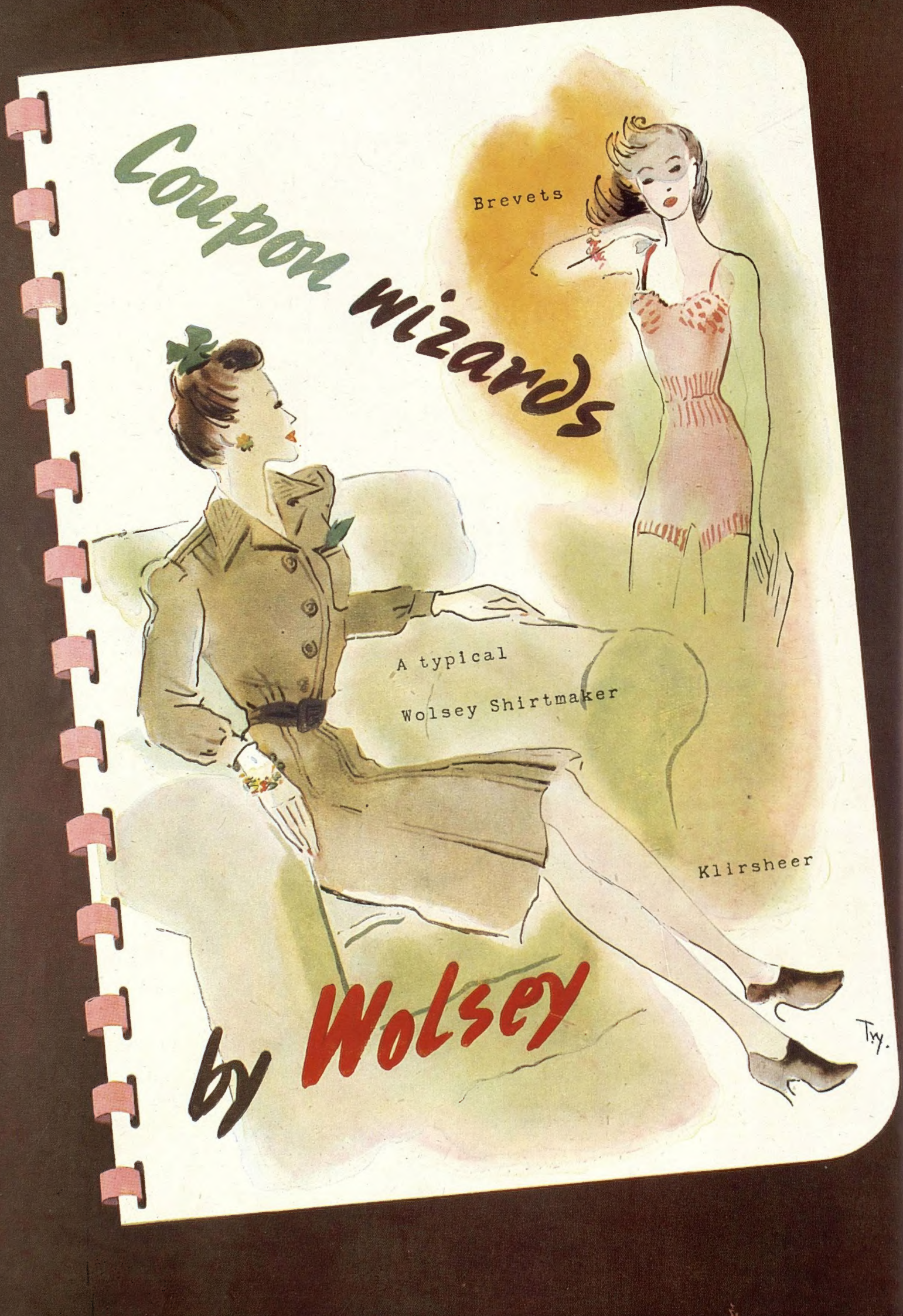
BRITANNIA and EVE

FEBRUARY
1943

JAMES WEDGWOOD DRAWBELL
NEGLEY FARSON
MARGARET CHUTE
JANE GORDON
F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS


Coupon wizards
Brevets
A typical
Wolsey Shirtmaker
Klirsheer
by Wolsey
Ivy.

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 26, No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1943

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read of it—
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for it—
Watched it through the
classroom window.
and now
He'd got it . . .
His own Spitfire!
He had worked hard—
even studied . . .
listened with his eyes
popping, asked
questions, travelled to
Canada—to America
and back home just
to climb into that
cockpit . . .
and now it was his.
He had charged through
clouds with it—
in and out of the sun—
he had climbed
and looped in it—
and done the
victory roll . . .
more than once.
There were several
Messerschmitts and
Focke Wulfs that
would fight no more—
for he had under his
hand—the toughest . . .
the truest . . .
the nimblest . . .
Terror of the air . . .
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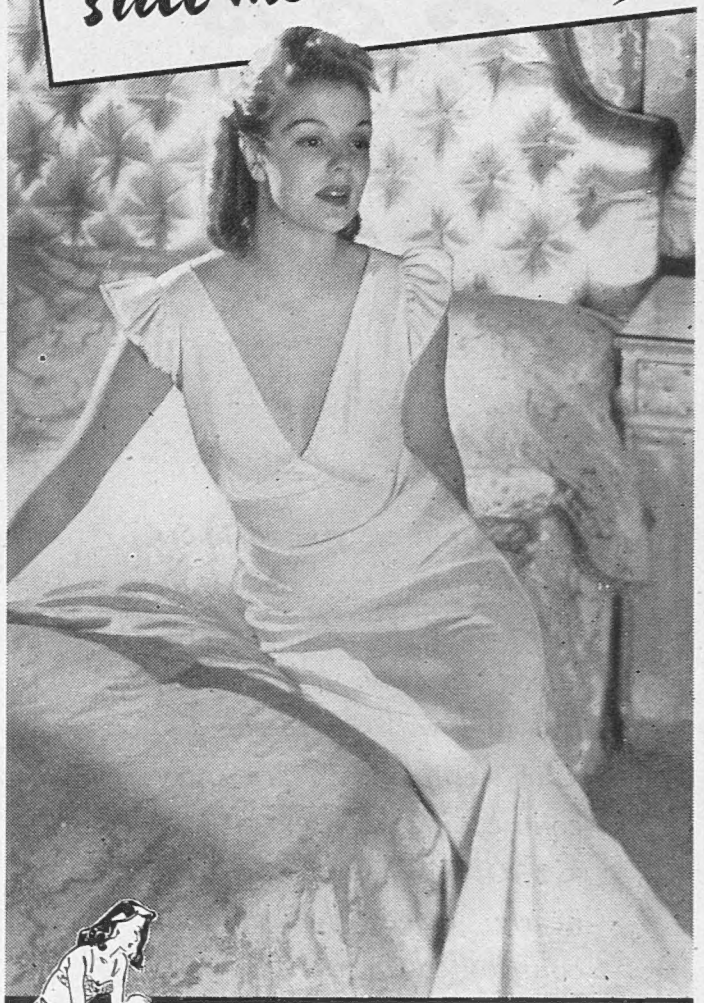

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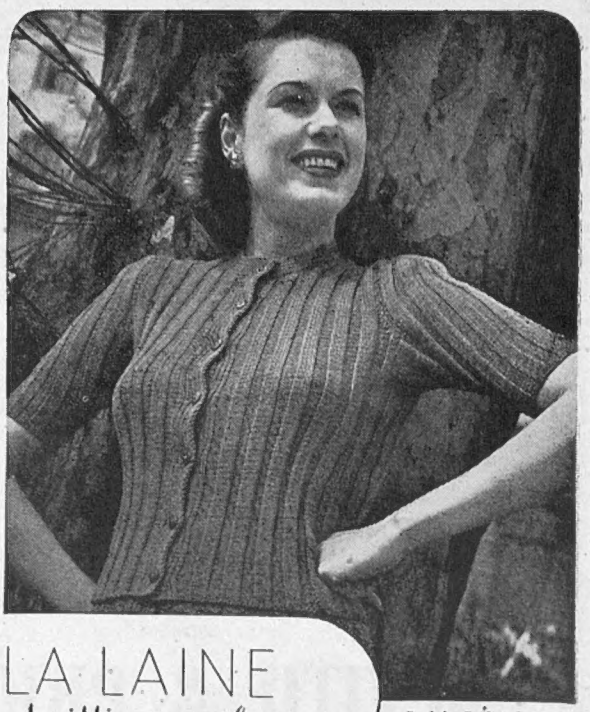

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VIENNESE FISH CAKES

Cooking time: 15 minutes. *Ingredients:* ½ lb. of boiled, mashed potatoes, ½ teaspoonful dried egg, ½ teaspoonful of anchovy essence, 1 tablespoonful of breadcrumbs, pepper, salt to taste. *Quantity:* For four people. *Method:* Mix all the ingredients together and form into little cakes. Fry in a little fat until golden brown on both sides.

Potatoes
are part of the battle

P.8

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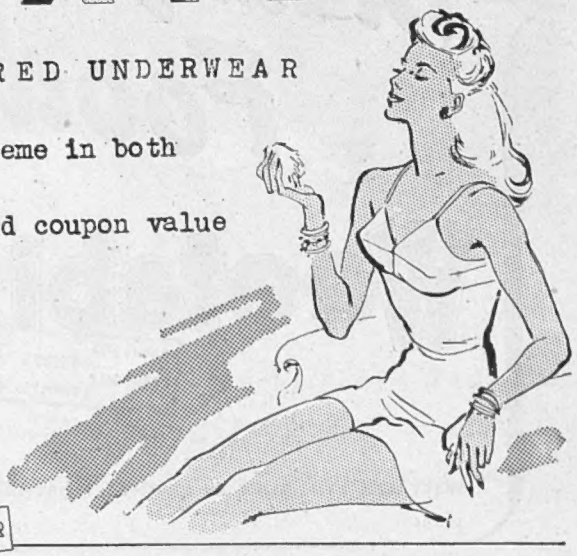

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CLEANSING MILK BY

Anne French

OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

"Hello," he said quietly, getting to his feet and reaching for a pipe, "you two have met before, I see"

Night In Algiers

A Romance of Two Wars

by

James Wedgwood Drawbell

IT was the kind of thing that might have happened in a movie. One moment the short, lantern-jawed American Army staff officer was dropping his eyes to the mass of documents on his desk; the next he was looking up again, puzzled by the gulf of silence separating the two men he had just introduced to each other.

He took in the situation in a glance.

"Hello," he said quietly, getting to his feet and reaching for a pipe, "you two have met before, I see."

But he was quick to see, too (and he breathed his relief), that there was no real enmity between them; only the gap of an experience which had probably sent them their separate ways.

He glanced quickly from one to the other—from Raymond Moore, baldish, thickening round the middle, with a major's emblem on his U.S. Army uniform, to the lean, sensitive face of Captain Peter Tracy, one of the liaison officers from the British Army.

He left them standing, still staring unbelievingly at each other, and walked to the window and looked out on the busy Algiers street, noisy with the clatter of Army lorries and tanks, alive with colour and glamour.

He said casually from the window:

"I suppose it was a woman . . ."

It wasn't such a shot in the dark. The difference in ages and appearance of the two men suggested their own background.

Raymond Moore smiled slowly.

"Yes, it was a woman."

The Major came slowly back from the window.

"Well, these things happen. You 'll have to skip the heroics now. This is a man-size war and you boys 've got to work in with each other—not gum up the works."

Peter Tracy smiled quietly.

"We can do that," he said. "It happened long ago; it was just the surprise of meeting Ray Moore here."

"Here?"

"Yes," slowly, "it had something to do with Algiers . . ."

FOUR or five men had had their drinks brought forward from the little bar sheltered aft on the promenade deck, and they sat round their common table, their heads bared to the softest of Mediterranean breezes. Behind them the ship moved lazily into its afternoon routine. They listened to the murmur of the sea and to the pleasant drone of their own conversation. They lifted their glasses and tinkled the ice against the side, and sipped appreciatively.

The music of their conversation rose and fell on the afternoon air. Raymond Moore, part of it, but this day a little apart, did not hear much of it. His eyes were fixed on two people far below in the bow of the ship. Their bodies, close together in the sharp prow, were silhouetted against the sparkling water.

Ray Moore watched them through his half-closed eyes. The man and woman had been up there when his party had come round from the aft bar. They were up there still, with never a flicker of a movement in the interval to show that they cared a jot for the rest of the ship.

Ray Moore reached for his Panama hat and pulled it on his head and over his eyes. It shielded his face while he considered the pair in the bow. They were laughing in a frankly joyous fashion, turning their faces away from the sea to look at each other in their joy. She wore dark blue beach trousers that flapped against her legs in the light breeze, and a white, sleeveless zipper shirt which emphasised the sunburn of her arms and neck. The man looked at her often as they talked and laughed.

At this distance Ray Moore could not hear them. He could only see the movement of their heads and bodies. It gave him an odd feeling that he was an outsider. It was a particularly odd feeling for Ray Moore to have, because the woman was Alison Moore, his wife.

He felt, with an indulgent reasonableness, that he had no right to feel odd about it. If he was going to be put out by the sight of Alison enjoying herself with a ship acquaintance while her husband was on board, he 'd soon be thinking of all the times he had sent her to play around Europe while he was at home in New York.

He wanted Alison to have her fun. She was young, full of life. He wasn't the kind of fellow who, just because he got a kick out of business, crabbed his wife and made her life a misery.

Long ago he had insisted on her getting out and about. It was good for her. For himself—well, "I 'd rather make money than make whoopee!" he had said.

It had been a little difficult to make Alison understand that. The first time he had suggested that she should have

a holiday in Europe she had whooped for joy, and then looked strangely at him when she discovered he meant her to go alone. There hadn't been a scene. Alison wasn't the kind of woman who made scenes.

It was all quite simple. There was nothing wildly romantic between them. There was no real reason why Alison should stay in New York during that hot spring. So Alison had gone to Europe alone.

After that Alison had gone most places alone. She had protested for a long time—and then had stopped suddenly and never protested again.

Ray Moore was glad to be here on a Mediterranean pleasure cruise. At this distance you could see world markets in better perspective. He deserved to be good to himself, to lie about in deck-chairs like this for a while.

The lazy Mediterranean afternoon rolled on. Ray Moore dozed. The faint clatter of the tea trolley was heard on the deck. Ray Moore opened his eyes. His glance went forward to the bow of the boat. They were still there, intent on each other, silent from this distance, curiously intimate. What had they been talking about up there, with all the ship behind them and only the sea in their eyes?

ALISON MOORE said: "I wish we could come to some of these lovely places together some time."

The man did not take his face away from the sea. He watched the changing colours of the water cut by the ship's prow. He seemed hardly to hear. But he answered: "So do I."

She said in a low voice: "Let's, Peter."

He brought his head round and looked at her for a long time. He murmured casually, "Don't joke," and turned again to the sea.

Watching him, she was aware once more of his aloofness. Only half of him was with her on this side of the ship. The rest was hunting somewhere ahead in space. She felt his strange elusiveness, the half-emptiness of this man by her side. He was seldom wholly with her.

She tried to reach him. "Let's come some time, Peter. Together." He didn't answer.

She studied the side of his lean face. She tried to track down the feature of him that made him forlorn. He seemed far away from her, living with something within him that she could not reach, could not even discern. His face was young, but his hair was greying. There were tired lines about the eyes. She had seen him drop out of a gay smile into a quiet thoughtfulness, as if at the pricking of a memory.

"What is it about you?" she asked. "You escape me, Peter. Come near me again. Don't be distant and far off. You know there's no need to with me."

"Darling, darling!" he whispered in protest, his strained face toward the wind and sea.

He did not turn again to her. The words were a pleading that she would not continue. He did not want to be caught up in this talk about themselves. He was alone in himself. Dreadfully alone, she felt. She wanted to reach out and touch his bare arm and bring him near to her.

She said quietly: "You know you love me."

She watched the muscle run up his forearm as his hand tightened. He stood very still. The breeze lifted the hair from his brown temples and fanned it for a brief moment.

"And I love you," Alison Moore said.

His arm dropped limply to his side. Before he could say anything the words tumbled quickly out of her mouth: "And I hate you to be away from me like this. Don't, Peter. Please! It makes everything seem so impossible. And everything isn't impossible. I love you and you love me. Isn't it possible that we can come together and have our happiness together. We're both young!" She laughed a little huskily. "Let's take it!"

There was no answering thrill in the man. He remained aloof, out of reach, not to be touched by the appeal.

"We've met, Peter! That's all that had to matter. You know it as well as I do, but you pretend you don't. You stay away from me, hiding something in yourself that you know should belong to me. Give it to me."

He would not even give her his eyes. His face was towards Majorca, invisible in a blue world.

Illustrated By W. Smithson Broadhead

" Look at me," she said at his side. " I 'm jealous of the sea. Have eyes for me, darling, as well as for the sea. You know we want each other." She tried to laugh easily. " You 're not being old-fashioned, Peter ? You know we just have to come together now we 've met. Darling, you 've no strange ideas about divorce ? No objections to it ? "

He faced her at last. " Of course not. I 'm not as bad as that."

" And you 're free ? "

" You know almost everything about me. There 's no other woman."

" And you know about Ray. I 've told you, too. He 's a lovely man, Peter, but he doesn't know I 'm flesh and blood. I can't say anything about him. But you see how it is. You must see."

" Yes, I see."

" Peter," she said quickly, " don't be like this. I can't stand it. There 's no reason why I shouldn't stay on in London now after the cruise. I 'll take a flat somewhere near you, be near you all the time. Darling, it 's only beginning for us. You know you want it as much as I do."

There was in his lean face and his unsmiling eyes an appeal that she did not want to see. He was asking for release, but she did not want to release him. She wanted to see him always before her like this—a sunburnt figure in white against the high blue window of the sky, with the kindness in his mouth, and the something about the whole of him—the strange, lost vagrant other self of him which was always eluding her.

He said quietly: " You know we 're just fooling ourselves."

" Oh, Lord ! " she groaned sympathetically. " Are you going to be heroic ? "

He smiled. " No. Just the realist that 's got to remind you that we 're on a ship in the Mediterranean."

" And that we 're caught up with the glamour of the thing ? Peter, you haven't got it in you to be so trite. We 're grown people, not adolescents."

" Of course we are. But whether you like it or not, Alison, this is still a ship. And not a soul on board is his real, normal self. You don't need me to tell you that. I 'm no more the person I am on land than you are—or than Ray is."

" You 've a lovely habit of bringing in Ray. It 's your propaganda, I suppose."

" But it 's true. We 're all escaping from reality on this liner. That 's why we 're here. Darling, don't let 's fool ourselves. I 'm crazily in love with you." She smiled provocatively into his face, and he touched her skin with his fingers. " But it 's an unreal love. I 'm in love with a lovely, unreal person in a completely unreal life. Let 's see it like that, Alison, and stay sane."

" And so you want to back out ? "

Obitz stood silent. The music from the dining-room beat noisily through the thin walls of the cabin. The two men listened to it but did not hear it

" Yes."

" After all we 've said to each other ? "

" It 's the only possible thing, darling, before we get caught up in it completely."

" Oh, Peter ! "

His face was away from her. She fell silent, and Ray Moore found them like that, their bodies still close together, when he strolled along the deck.

" Hullo ! " he called out genially. " Making a reservation for the sunset ? "

They turned smiling faces to him.

" You seem to live on it at any time, Peter," he laughed. " But Alison 's been

He sat down on the sofa beside her and put his arm around her body. She turned her head into his shoulder and wept quietly against him

used to three good meals a day. And I 've got to watch this new diet ! "

Peter Tracy said : " You wouldn't say she was pining away on it, would you ? "

The two men looked at the woman. Her teeth laughed back at them, strong white teeth in the tan of her face.

" Not exactly," Ray Moore agreed. " But I 'll bet you both missed your tea." He put his arm through Alison's. " If Peter can't look after you, I suppose I 'll have to do it."

" What are you going to do with me ? "

" Get you a drink."

She half-turned. " What about you, Peter ? "

He shook his head. " Leave me out this time. Later on, perhaps. Thanks, all the same."

Ray led Alison away. At the stairs leading up to the promenade deck they paused and looked back. Peter Tracy seemed to have forgotten them. He was bent low over the side, peering down at the sharp prow of the ship cutting into the water.

HE stayed forward till dusk fell on the ship, and it was too dark to see the face of his wrist-watch. Then he picked his way over the coiled ropes to the stairs.

The promenade deck was deserted, but in the bar at the far end the gay lights were on. Obitz, the good-natured German, was in his usual corner at this hour. He waved a welcoming hand.

" A stiff one for you by the look of you," he said.

Peter Tracy nodded. The fat, round-faced Obitz took swift stock of him, and shook his head slowly without comment. But as he raised his glass : " Why worry so much about it ? Surely it is not so difficult as all that ? "

Tracy drank quickly. " Afraid it is. You don't understand."

A fat, good-humoured chuckle. " Oh, I know she 's married. But, you know, you 're taking a little thing like matrimony extraordinarily badly, if I may say so." He laughed gaily to hide the real friendliness in him. " And I know you would rather not talk about it, Tracy."

" Do I show it as plainly as this ? "

" Not to the whole ship. To me, perhaps, because my great weight gives me an opportunity of sitting about and observing people. And, perhaps, also to Ray Moore. Not to too many others."

" To Moore ? "

" Even a preoccupied business man lifts up his head once in a while. And with you on a ship, he keeps it up."

" As bad as that ? And you ask me why I worry about it."

" I ask, but of course, I know." He shifted his bulk into a comfortable position. " I know you well, although we met only two weeks ago on this liner. We 've a lot in common, I think."

He looked at the younger man with kindly eyes. Then his eyes went to the bar, came back, wandered to the crowd. " You have no idea how I envy you," he said abruptly.

Peter Tracy raised his eyebrows.

" Good Lord, why ? "

" Oh, I don't only mean about the lady. I envy you your good fortune there also, of course. But in so many other ways." He smoked rapidly. " Look at me. I used to be a soldier—I was an officer in the last war. Look at me now. What you would call a fat slob. Run to waste ! I would be about as much good in another war as an elephant. I 've let myself go. You 've kept yourself fit."

Tracy laughed but said nothing.

Obitz beckoned a steward. They looked at each other across the world between their two glasses.

" Yes, I envy you. I envy you your youth. You 've everything fighting for you, Tracy. Even the women. They love that hungry look in your face. They want to take care of you." He laughed and drank rapidly. " Let them, Tracy. There 's no to-morrow ! Let them ! "

Peter Tracy rose. " All of them ? " he asked lightly.

" Don't try to fool me," Obitz said, wagging a fat finger at him. " You haven't any time for the others."

And as Tracy picked his way through the crowd, he bawled after him : " See you at dinner, Tracy." (*Contd. on page* 66)

African Mandate

By Negley Farson

"The running of a tropical colony is of all tests the most searching as to the development of the nation that attempts it. To see helpless people and not oppress them; to see great wealth and not confiscate it; to have absolute power and not abuse it; to raise the native instead of sinking yourself—these are the supreme tests of a nation's spirit."
Conan Doyle.

THERE are a few people in this country who look upon the colonies with the thought of a spiritual change. (I do not mean religious.) But most progressive, and what considers itself humanitarian, interest thinks of a purely material reform; of an intense economic progress, wherewith the natives of the more backward protectorates will be given a "better life."

I am a layman, not a colonial expert; nevertheless, that does not preclude me from having opinions, particularly when I may claim that they are observations, made on the spot, from having rather a curious interest in British rule—and human beings—for over a quarter of a century. That is about the length of the longer of most colonial careers.

And against the opinions of experts—on such debatable matters—I would weigh the spectacle of England during the world slump; when an astonished world watched, say, five of your biggest economists—each one of whom was declaring that the others were all wrong. I was liberated from an obeisance to such financial "geniuses," when, during the world panic, I had to cover them and report what they said, as a foreign newspaper correspondent. Often, as I filed my cable to New York, I said to myself: "This is pure burble." And it was.

Decoration by Jack Matthew

It was Maynard Keynes himself, who said, of a certain committee of experts, that if you put the eight of them in one room together, asked for their considered verdict on any one particular subject—you would get nine different opinions.

I believe that by putting all stress upon a programme of economic reform, or progress, for the African natives that we are putting them up against the very same struggle that we materialistic western nations have not yet emerged from. Perhaps it is inevitable that all the natives of Africa must be placed on a money economy. Perhaps it isn't. We seem to be accepting that idea that economic progress means everything—and, especially, is the answer to almost everything—and we are therefore, like the thousands of Americans who accept it as inevitable (almost as if willed by God), that they should live in a big city, like Chicago, Pittsburgh, or New York (although they hate it)—simply because it never occurs to them that they could stay in the country and still have a good and secure life.

And because so many Americans do think that way, we have stripped our rural life of nearly all its amenities, so that a man with a mind will find not only no way of making a decent living, but, what is more important—no one to talk to. We have in the United States no class of retired army or navy officers; none of what you might call country gentry; no "county" families—and, so it seems to have worked out, we've made small farming life just as mean and tawdry as we can make it.

This is not a digression from Africa.. If we are going to plaster Africa with native shops, and the raw materialism of mercenary native towns, and we are going to put large "backward" tribes on a money economy—making them grow "cash crops" so that they will be at the mercy of all world fluctuations of those crops—Middle West maize in the U.S.A. being dumped on the market to wreck African maize, for instance—the one thing we are going to inject into Africa is *plain worry.*

Thought from the other side of the Atlantic has been purely along these commercial lines. It has been alarmingly along just these same lines concerning our own destiny. Where can you point to the utterance of a single big statesman who has been wise enough to point out the need—a terrifying need—for a real spiritual reform?

WE need to look upon Africa as perhaps the last large area left in the world where the majority of the people need *not* be forced to go through the drabness of commerical "progress." Progress—what a word! When a largely rural and contented Germany, under Bismarck, suddenly leapt into the commercial world with its amazing electric and chemical trusts, so much misery immediately appeared among the industrial workers (people dispossessed by progress, from their country life), that Germany actually had sick benefits, unemployment insurance, disability and old age pensions—at least three decades before young Lloyd George outraged England by proposing them in the House of Commons. Suddenly—Germany had become unhappy. Just because she knew so much about science; and how not to apply it. And Hitler (give him his due), saw clearly, fifty years later, the only sound (and happy) base for a good German life would be a full, secure life on the land. Also, realising the contentment which comes each day from being made interesting to the person who lives it, he broke up the big chain-stores, which were inexorably driving the small shopkeepers out of German life—and revived the small, family-owned shop.

The French, as we know, saw this truth clearly decades ago—and the little French corner shop, run jointly by husband and wife, is proof all over France of the contented security of thousands of small families (by small I mean financially small), which, in the United States, were either taut with worry, or non-existent.

None of this is apart from what I want to say about the future in Africa. I have given these obvious examples of our own life, chiefly to prove how unthinking we are about our own selves—when we use this word "progress." I write this because in colonial debates in the House, in newspaper editorials, in the polemics of the weekly political periodicals, even in the snowstorm letters about Africa to the Press—always do you see the problem tackled from solely this idea of commercial progress.

In other words, we would unthinkingly do to the Africans what we have done to ourselves—put them in commercial bondage.

In a long, wandering trip of investigation I made through Africa, studying every British mandate, protectorate, or colony up to or along the Equator—with seven months preparatory study in Germany before that—I wrote hundreds of thousands of words in just notes. Among them, as I check back over them now, I find a recurrent question which (*Continued on page* 60)

Saint

ÉVE LAVALLIÈRE. Her favourite portrait taken at the time of her later fame, shortly before the last war (about 1900)

THERE was something refreshing in the news that Éve Lavallière, once celebrated on the gayest stage of Gay Paree, had been launched on the way to canonisation. Here was a story right away from Hitler and War and New Worlds and Planning. Modern saints are great rarities anyway, and perforce interesting personalities; here was an attempt to raise an actress to the highest pinnacle of Roman practice, a woman, moreover, who had run the whole gamut of female emotion like few, if any others of her sex and time. For compassing so much, "Saint Éve" would not be inapt for the Lavallière. In her heyday, *mignonne* and *gamine* were the terms associated with her. The nearest I can get in English is "a sweet little devil."

Eugénie Fénoglio, born at Toulon, has been proposed to the Roman Curia by the Bishop of Toulon, Mgr. Gaudel, and she has a long path ahead of her before being aligned beside Saint Joan. She has to be beatified first, and that can take twenty years and more. Joan herself had to wait 500 years though she was put through quickly in the end as a twentieth-century gift to France. On an average, it may take fifty years to make a saint. The Vatican is not to be hurried, in this matter a wartime committee is a streak of lightning beside the ponderous, minute investigation set up by Rome. One of the quickest of moderns to attain sainthood was Thérèse of Lisieux, "The Little Flower," who, dying in the mid-nineties, was a saint thirty years later. Yet how little had to be investigated in her case beside the dossier that Rome will have to weigh in the case of the Lavallière.

EUGÉNIE'S father was a tailor of Sardinian origin, who drank; her mother, the daughter of a French-Catalan hairdresser of Perpignan. The mother used to run away from the father, from Toulon to Perpignan and vice versa, bringing her daughter with her. Until twelve, Eugénie was at convent. Then she dispensed with her faith, popped in and out of secular schools. But her one interest was acting in a wine-cellar with children whom she selected, taught to act, and "produced." Burlesque was her favourite. Now and again she ran away from home, and there can be small doubt that she was admitted to full adult life at a tragically precocious age. Then her father murdered her mother and committed suicide after trying to shoot his daughter, too. That was in 1884, at Perpignan, and Eugénie took train for Nice where she joined a rough and modest touring company. She was eighteen, a pale, dark, tiny little thing, whose arresting points were enormous brown eyes and a consuming fever of mind and body. And an originality which led her to bob her hair in the eighties. Decades ahead, Eugénie began to display symptoms of the girl of the twenties, after the last war. She even had the husky voice. And, of necessity, the amorality. Eugénie was by leagues the first of the *garçonnes* afterwards to become famous in the pages of Marcel Prevost.

The years 1884–1889 are difficult for biographers, of whom there have been seven or eight, chiefly sensational. I am checking by the "life" written by a priest who does everything to whiten his subject. Eugénie became Éve Lavallière during this period, the "Lavallière" fashioned from the names of one of her fleeting "protectors." In later years, Éve tore up everything to do with this period which took her intermittently on tour between Nice, Marseilles and Toulouse. Playbills show her singing at *café-concerts* (where she collected on a plate). One reason for Éve suppressing these years derived from her life-long obsession with age. When she reached Paris in

A PORTRAIT of Éve Lavallière taken in 1917 when she was trying to look much younger than her real age—fifty-one

Éve ?

Sinner into Saint? The Story of Éve Lavallière who, in her heyday, was the idol and sensation of the Paris Theatre

By Ferdinand Tuohy

LA MAISON DE THUILLIÈRES where she died in 1929

LE CHÂTEAU DE LA PONCHERIE where she "repented" in 1917

(Left)

ÉVE LAVALLIERE as she was at the height of her fame in burlesque, in the revue, "Paris Qui Marché," one of her successes

1889, she was twenty-three, but her personal papers said she was sixteen. They had been falsified, as in middle-age she was to falsify her age to thirty-five for a visit to England in 1914, when she was in reality forty-eight. But while the age obsession was one reason for her simply deleting 1884–1889 from her existence, one gains the firm impression that those years carried with them an experience that she wished for ever to banish from her mind. All were passed in the warm and predatory south.

ÉVE chose well for her Paris *début*, Paris of the 1889 Exhibition, which inaugurated the Eiffel Tower. She was taken on in the chorus of *Paris-Exposition* at the Variétés, a house with which she was to remain for all twenty-eight years of her career as star. The initial wage equalled £1 a month, which necessitated earnings in other ways, but Éve was lucky to be free of the worst by the following year which saw her deputising in the name part of *La Belle Hélène* at £13 a month. She captured *fin-de-siècle* Paris and its most blasé critics in piece after piece, chiefly of the burlesque-musical type. They had never seen any one quite like Éve before, and in fact she was starting a school, of which she was to become the unchallenged queen, that formed artists like Lantelme, Mistinguett, Spinelly, Gaby Morlay, Blanche Montel and Maud Loty. Éve tickled the jaded palate of Paris by saying the most dreadful things with the voice of angelic innocence, by appearing in schoolgirlish roles packed with *risqués* lines and situations. Such was her speciality which reached its climax in Lavedan's *Le Vieux Marcheur*, with Éve playing the thirteen-year-old heroine, Marie-Avoine.

The things that schoolgirl said with her husky voice; the enormous eyes of innocence she opened on her pursuer. That was when they called Éve *mignonne* and *gamine*, a sweet little devil.

Not that she was ever conspicuous for sweetness off the stage. Insatiably vain, she was a super gold-digger, as hard-boiled as a *maison tolérée*. Only one episode ever changed this—when she loved, and had a daughter by Jean Samuel, her producer. This was "the big love" and it kept Éve relatively content from 1894 to 1898, when rupture sent her off, more avid for applause, gold and sensual experience than ever she had been. Passionate letters to her own sex were revealed in a book by Colette, who received some. Not that Éve was ever for long without a rich man in tow. Remember it was still Paris of the *grandes courtesanes*; the shade of Cora Pearl had not yet been entirely obliterated.

By the turn of the century Éve had the most prominent dramatists writing for her: Lavedan, Donnay, Capus, Caillavet, Meilhac and Halévy, and a little later Robert de Flers and Francis de Croisset. They all saw genius in the tailor's daughter, and what an (*Continued on page* 64)

BE MERRY

Never before was so much ingenuity, money and energy expended on the business of taking people's minds off their troubles by providing them with a wealth of amusement

By C. Patrick Thompson

"WHY do men go bald and women not?"

The A.A. divisional school was enjoying its weekly Brains Trust session. I sat with the bulky colonel and took a scientific interest in the reaction of several hundred men, N.C.O.s and officers, and two score Ats—"all ranks" in Army terms and "a cross-section of the British people" in mine. On the whole I rated the Brains Trust somewhere between a football match and a community crossword puzzle competition. The laughter rate was high.

I asked the colonel if this came under education or entertainment. "Oh, entertainment, definitely," he assured me.

It gave me a line on the wartime popularity of the B.B.C.'s feature. That show, of course, was not a B.B.C. invention. It was inspired by the dazzling success of the American radio's "Information Please," one of the brighter brain flashes of the lively critic, Clifton Faddiman, who, spotting that the radio world capitalised on almost everything except human curiosity, moved in with an intellectual slap-stick show, which could be appreciated equally by professors and the public for "who-dunit?" books.

THE night clubs jump and jive till dawn

Anything for distraction and a laugh. The keynote of this war-shocked and revolutionary age. Never before was so much versatility, ingenuity, money, and sheer physical energy expended on the business of taking people's minds off their troubles by providing them with a wealth of amusement, thrills, synthetic emotions, games, and pastimes. Where profit-motive private enterprise stops, government hustles in with public money and exceptionally lavish programmes.

It's the spirit of the age. Weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth went out with the iron sword and cannon balls. The war leaders of the free peoples—that includes Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek—face life, or their publics anyway, with broad smiles. American troops are probably the first in history to be officially provided with equipment for amateur theatricals, one box per 250 men, as they sail for the battlefields.

AN A.A. divisional school was enjoying its weekly Brains Trust session

Russia bleeds, but no one criticises the Kremlin's lavish banquet interludes.

Six-hour feasts, scores of toasts, hogsheads of champagne, vats of vodka, casks of caviare—Russia's foreign visitors and the outside world find a symbolical magnificence about these barbaric displays of robust capacity for enjoyment in the brief interludes between eighteen-hour working days, tremendous nervous strains, daring decisions, and dauntless defiances. With sudden violent death lurking round every corner, under every wave of the sea, behind every cloud and even in clear blue skies, one may as well have some fun while one can.

Besides, the contraction or vanishing of normal pleasures leaves a hungry void. The gay lights of towns at night, the friendly lamp-lit windows of country lanes, are gone. With the fading sun we return to the black and haunted world in which primordial man, who knew not how to make fire against the dark, crouched shuddering. There is no pleasure travelling now. Beer is weak, and spirits are severely rationed, and much of that sold in bars is raw. The pleasures of the table, even the modest ones of steak and onions, and bananas and cream, departed as siege rations came in. Private entertaining is practically suspended. Groaning, the patriot draws a five-inch Plimsoll line around his bath-tub, and cuts another of life's simple but delicious pleasures from the ever-shrinking list.

It's small wonder that people seek substitutes and alternatives with something of the haste and excitement of women heading for the new quota of cosmetics. The amusement world is ajangle with broken records. The big British cinema-theatre chain reports highest-ever profits and 1942 attendances up by 51,000,000 over 1941. Plays which give professional critics a headache pack out the theatres. Even when bombs were falling, the ballrooms were crowded, and since the bomb rain ceased, the dance spots of town have scarcely been able to hold all the jazzers and jitterbugs.

ALL the night clubs jump and jive till dawn. Self-entertainment abounds. Music booms. Amateur theatricals are having the biggest time ever. Despite the shutdown on pleasure motoring and manufacture of golf balls, only half a dozen of Britain's 1,200 golf clubs have shut down. Horses and dogs still race. Machine gambling is terrific. And the amazing ENSA casts its network of shows over the forces and war factories, 3,500 shows a week, ranging from Shakespeare to farce, chamber music to swing, symphony concerts to sex drama, and ballet to burlesque.

It's the same in America—indeed, more so, owing to war-work wage rates running from £10 to £40 a week.

London's crop of wartime night-spots seems to be sustained mainly by the half-world, businessmen (*Continued on page* 59)

HIGH-STAKE baccarat, roulette, poker and bridge parties, in private rooms and clubs

ENSA companies may give three shows in twenty-four hours to fit the workers' shifts in a factory working round the clock

WOUNDED and bruised, stupefied, one thought clear, the rescue of his mascot, he went crawling and shielding himself with his arms, back to the blazing aircraft

The Mirage And The Mascot

A Crashed Pilot's Rescue in the Cyrenaican Desert

By

Alan Hyder

THE impelling motive of that astounding journey is debatable. It may have been that Flight-Lieutenant the Hon. Anthony Anson-Boyis, D.S.O., D.F.C., with his insouciant good looks and background of pedigree and wealth had slightly more incentive to continue in the land of the living than the average youth of twenty-three. Or it might have been that the miraged oases with deceptive promises of shade and cool, thirst-quenching water kept him going. Or it may have been the mascot; the russia leather frame from out of which looked gaily and provocatively a dark-eyed girl.

Anthony, of course, swears that it was the mascot. Or, as he calls it, his "good-luck piece."

But it is a fact that for two days and a night he reeled and staggered through an incarnadine world of torture.

He had pulled his Spitfire up into the sun-melted cobalt of the desert sky and twenty minutes later the squadron was above Rommel's Afrika Korps as it fled beaten and fighting now only to escape, jammed in disorder as far as the eye could see along the coast road.

To the north the hazy blue of the Mediterranean; to the south the sepias and madders and ochres of the Cyrenaican Desert. And hugging the surf-edged shore the serpentine trail of the fugitive German troops. At intervals vehicles burned and around craters the crawling, ant-like line of transport went tortuously in semi-circles not pausing.

The squadron wheeled into line with the mechanical perfection of the King's Company of a Guard's battalion, pushed their noses down, and hurtled out of the heaven in a hell-roaring dive. At "zero height" Anthony's thumb jabbed and his guns tremored the smooth, flashing speed of his wind-ripping aircraft.

Dust spurted from the torn road. Cannon shells and machine gun bullets slapped viciously into lorry and bowser, tank and gun carriage. Scarlet flame and black smoke flowered from petrol tanks. Crouched figures fled into the desert.

At the end of its death-dealing run the squadron lifted to resume formation. It was then that the burst from an anti-aircraft shell flung up a wing tip of Anthony's soaring Spitfire.

Even as the shrapnel holes opened uncannily in the fuselage the world burst into an aching crimson void as a bullet scored his temple.

His haphazard, bat-like flight out of formation was into the sun and unobserved, and Anthony himself has no memory of it. But his senses must have partly returned when, gasping with petrol fumes and sticky with escaped glycol, his plane crash-landed to the south of Bir Hacheim. It touched down with fire growing in the shaking engine. Its spinning propeller dug at the gravelly sand, and buckled. A wing tip went kiting away over the ground. The tail turned up and over like the stinging tail of an enraged scorpion.

Struggling free as an automatom Anthony was flung away when the tank exploded. Wounded and bruised, stupefied, one thought only clear in his daze, the rescue of his mascot, he went crawling and shielding himself with his arms, senselessly back to the blazing aircraft.

He was moving in the infinite solitude of the desert when flickers of paroxysmal pain cleft the dull red blankness of his stupor. Walking. And gripped tight in his left hand was the "lucky piece."

Illustrated by
Edward Osmond

His right arm was burned; a swelling mass of water-filled blisters that the sun heated agonisingly. One foot was bare and the shoe on the other foot filled with hot, sharp-edged sand. He fell as he stooped to pull it off. His khaki shorts were shredded and about his ankles clung the remnants of feetless socks. He had torn away his flying-helmet when the soft leather stiffened and glued to the wound in his temple. His throbbing head was uncovered. His swollen tongue filled his mouth suffocatingly. Saliva dried frothily on his cracking lips. Clotted on his thin features a sanguiferous mask grimaced. Out of it blue eyes shone like ice. His tall figure wavered, was hesitant on trembling legs.

He was a man walking through fire, aflame; a tortured shade escaping from Hell.

To him the ridged and tumbling desert was an arid, shimmering, scarlet inferno. The sky a bowl of crimson splitting with sultry flashes. In it a fiery orb reeled and swung, the awful desert sun.

And his zigzag, delirious progress was urged on and on as tantalisingly the barren waste let areas of its heat cool and frame the illusionary cool greenness of oases that were perhaps as much visions of Anthony's fever as of the desert's inveigling perils.

THROUGH the first day his feet wandered as his mind wandered.

Distances he marched straightly, aware of pain and searing heat. Then he would drop and lie until the merciless sun pierced his swoon and gibbering voicelessly with anguish he would struggle up and strive to reach the phantasmagorial shade of the mirages.

During the night he would collapse and doze uneasily until the cold rose out of the sand and cringed him, sent him on again dully aware that if he laid he died.

With the morning and the mounting heat came again the mirages born of both the sun haze and the fever. Verdant foliage draped above shady nooks that were misted with the spray of cascading waterfalls.

Once he thought that he had dropped his mascot, the "lucky piece" that was surely guiding him to deliverance, and he went searching in concentric circles feverishly convinced that if that was lost, he also was lost. Magically he found it safe in his hand.

For periods the girl of the photo walked beside him, her skirt cool against him, her perfume a soothing benison about him.

It was at noon on the second day that he saw the three trees.

Huge, they dominated the eerie landscape; immobile, waiting, they appeared to stoop and conjecture on his appearance. With almost unendurable weariness Anthony forced himself towards them. His intense, jerking movements tore his dried skin and the boiling fluid in his blisters was tinged redly.

Closer Anthony saw, with sobbing dismay, the trees move as men walking. So this once more was mirage, dream, phantasy. Then he looked again and saw that in those looming tree-like heights were silhouetted small shapes. The figures of men. The optical illusion of the haze-aura about them faded, disappeared. Coming towards him were simply three men.

The portrait of the dark-eyed girl, its mission accomplished, dropped from nerveless fingers, fluttered down to lay face upwards on the sand. Anthony crashed forward unconscious upon it.

One of the men knelt beside him and said:

"One of the R.A.F. boys. And by God! What a state he's in!"

Anthony came to with the ecstasy of water moistening his parched lips. He felt the hot metal of a flask and liquid fire ran down his throat, comforted him, refilled his veins with vigour. Brandy. Sanity smeared the glitter from his eyes. He looked up and knew the men for American airmen. They had tried to alleviate his hurts. A field-dressing was on his wounded head. A torn-up shirt was wrapped clumsily about his burns.

"Okay? Another drink and you'll be hunky-dory."

The swelling of Anthony's tongue diminished as his thirst was quenched. He was able to whisper huskily:

"Plane down . . . was making for coast . . . thanks . . . sorry to be a nuisance. . . . You . . . Americans?"

"Yep. Likewise we crashed. A son-uv-a-bitch of a Messer' smacked us down like a kid's kite. How were you brought down?"

Anthony's head shook blankly. "I don't quite know . . . I . . . But I saved my lucky piece."

"Lucky piece? Oh, you mean the picture you was lying on, kissing. Well, it sure was taking you in the wrong direction, brother. We're making for the coast. You were— Wait though! You'd never have made it alone. If your lucky piece brought you to us, I guess she done her duty."

"She always does," Anthony said.

"Now we got to get you outta this sun, pronto."

Anthony shrank from contact with the cloth they had wrapped about him.

"Got to try and keep the sun off them burns," they said. "Can you walk?"

Two of them ranged themselves alongside as Anthony sagged, walked him slowly forward.

"Can't carry you. Nearly out on our feet ourselves."

"Of course not," Anthony gasped. Then: "When I first saw you I thought you were trees."

"We been seeing them. Mirages. Look real enough, too."

The pitiless heat attacked Anthony again as they moved. The world reeled dizzily, wreathed in scarlet vapour. Yet he was aware that the man on his left had caught his hand and was examining the photo, speaking, his voice coming from a thousand miles away.

"A classy dame. Say! I ain't trying to rob you of it."

And Anthony marched straight into another mirage, a vision that was entirely apart from the desert, conjured up solely out of his own hallucinations.

His voice cracking, he told them of it. And so vividly did he see the scene, or rather, actually enact his part in it, that his description brought the pale gold murk of a wintry London before the eyes of the weary men as they traversed the hot sands of the desert.

. . . St. Margaret's . . . banked flowers . . . unearthly beauty of pale sunlight seeping through stained glass. . . . The altar and the priest, hands lifted in conclusion of the ceremony, over Anthony and the slender, white-robed, radiant girl of the photo. . . . The slow procession down the aisle . . . the triumphant swelling out of Mendelssohn's *Wedding March*. . . . Red awning and the gilt and white of sunshine and snow. . . . Mounted police. . . . Staring crowds. . . .

Who were they, Anthony wondered, strangers standing in an east wind, to watch a stranger's wedding?

. . . The drive through Whitehall to Grosvenor Square. . . . Snowflakes banking on the car windows. . . .

The vision was shattered.

"Snow!" one of the Americans growled. "Here we are, marching this dope through the hottest trail in Hell, and he has to give us a verbatim account of his marriage to a dame in the snow. Snow! I ask you!"

They navigated a sandless stretch of black basalt that was blistering even to shod feet.

"We're killing this guy," an American said. "But what the hell! We got to keep going. What else can we do?"

"Give him the rest of the water. We must be getting near."

They were. By God's good mercy. The hot wasteland and the scorched scrub changed and changed again and yet remained

CLOSER Anthony saw, with sobbing dismay, the trees move as men walking

the same. Overhead aircraft tremored the brassy blue.

Anthony's feet left a red spoor that dried black before he was two paces from it. They were detouring a devilish patch of razor-sharp stones to ease that for him when the man ahead stopped, held up a warning hand.

"That's not aircraft. It's ground stuff. Listen!"

An hour later they emerged from a wadi and the coast road was in view. They reached it and Anthony was made as comfortable as possible in the shade of a burned-out tank, and dosed with the remainder of the brandy.

TWO lorries came over the horizon trailing high-flung tails of yellow sand. They were packed with Italian prisoners. They hung to the sides, perched upon the bonnets, were prone on the hoods. The R.A.S.C. driver put away his gun and jumped down as he saw the uniforms of the men who had stopped him.

"Get some of them Wops off there," an American ordered. "This R.A.F. officer has to be got to hospital. Quick!"

A shrill clamour of expostulation broke out as the Italians understood that they had to get out. It looked as if there would be a riot. The lorry driver cursed and flung a shot from his gun so closely over their heads that they ducked like a row of smitten Aunt Sallies. There was a scramble to get out and secure a place in the lorry behind. They fought and bit and screamed as their comrades valiantly defended that vehicle.

To Anthony that bumping ride was a nightmare.

He had no recollection of the advanced dressing station, did not recall his stay there, knew only vaguely that his hurts were alleviated. His journey to Cairo by ambulance plane was drugged by morphia.

In the base hospital he sank deeply into a fever that was aggravated deliriously because something that he craved could not be given to him. His burned right arm, pinned by its bandages to the mattress by a puzzled nurse, was of necessity, still; his left crept about the bedspread searching . . . . searching . . . .

On the third day his fever abated and his inherent high spirits made light of his exhaustion.

The ward was a small one, his the only bed, with a wide window opened to a vista of the waters and the trees close to the Pyramids of Giza. Backing them was the beginning of the yellow desert. A feathery green ring of maiden-hair (*Continued on page* 62)

The Nation's Food Supply

By M. Lovett Turner

WITH food production at fever heat and bread rightly earning the title of farmer's glory, so manifold are its ingredients, our wind and water mills may once more take an active part in providing the nation's food. It would be a pleasant sight to see the gaunt arms of the windmill actively cutting the skyline, and to hear the groaning of machinery with the soothing sound of water, as the mill wheel comes into action—making the miller jolly and the people healthy, for what is better for man than the old-fashioned stone-ground flour?

With the revival of these country occupations, the ancient craft of millstone dressing would return, for millstones wear smooth in time, needing their cracks and furrows sharpening in order that they may do their work quickly and efficiently. This is the work of a craftsman, for they are not cut haphazard, but form a regular pattern, some resembling a series of small harps, while others have curved lines, like a bunch of sickles, radiating from the centre.

Windmills, too, are of different designs. We have the tower mill, with its hood alone revolving like a dignified aristocrat bowing to his fellow men; the post mill erected on a tripod of wood or stone, as if to keep its petticoats clear of the mud; with a central post round which the body moves; and the smock mill, that derived its name from the labourer's smock worn by all land workers not so very long ago.

Windmills seem to have been unknown in Europe until the eighth or ninth centuries, and in England until the time of the Crusades. They may have arrived here via Greece, as some authorities say, or direct from their birthplace, the East, when the returning crusaders introduced the idea from the Holy Land. The Reverend Richard Onely, writing in 1765, quotes Pausanius when he credits Myla, son of Meleges, first king of Sparta, as the inventor of mills and millstones, though Pliny asserts that Ceres taught the Greeks how to sow corn and, when it was ripe, to grind it, knead dough and bake bread—for which benefaction to mankind she was deservedly deified as a goddess.

Governments of long ago took the storing of grain and feeding the poor seriously in hand. A passage in Deuteronomy details the distribution of the harvest, tithes of all sorts being confiscated for the good of the people. Every third year the whole of the tithes due was given to the poor, as well as the yearly gleanings that were their prerogative. This included a nook, or corner of the field, the forgotten (*Continued on page* 52)

A WINDMILL at Lacey Green, on The Chilterns, near Princes Risborough

THE glory of the harvest. An English cornfield

AN old survival. Windmill at Cley-next-the-Sea

(Left)
THIS picturesque old mill is at Chapel Atherton, and is the last of the old-time windmills to be seen working in Somerset

Old Tales Re-told

How Long Ben the Pirate Acquired His Fortune

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

Captain Gibson was advised by Henry Avery to relinquish his command without fuss and to vacate his cabin

FOR eighteen months two British ships, the *Charles II.* and the *James*, had been lying idle in the Spanish port of Corunna. They had been equipped at Bristol on behalf of the Spanish Government for an undisclosed enterprise. But it seemed that the authorities had forgotten all about them. This was the second half of the year 1695, and they were still awaiting orders.

So long as the crews were receiving their pay and provisions there were no complaints. Full pay and no work was an ideal recipe for a job! The harbour was full of well-stocked taverns and the attractive Spanish women constituted a fine remedy for boredom. Captain Gibson, in command of the *Charles II.*, was indulging to the full his taste for the local wines, and it was the normal end to the day for him to be carried dead drunk from the shore to his cabin. Once in his hammock he remained there peacefully snoring until the afternoon of the following day.

BUT there came a time when the port authorities stopped all pay and the taverns stopped giving credit; so the crews became restless.

Discussions took place between the captains of the two ships, without, however, arriving at any decision. It was impossible to persuade the men to return to England, or to shake the Spaniards out of their appalling lethargy. This deadlock was broken by an unexpected act on the part of the quartermaster of the *Charles II.*, a certain Henry Avery, better known by his nickname of Long Ben.

A cool-headed, active man, he had often given proof of his energy and determination, being ever present when there was trouble afoot. This very able sea-wolf had had much experience, but little reward for his abilities; and he more than any other had been hoping that the Spanish enterprise was going to prove the turning point of his fortunes.

It can be imagined how bitterly he was disillusioned by the continual inactivity. His physical strength, dexterity and seamanship had made him popular with the men, and this gave him the idea of taking the initiative and shaping the situation to his own advantage.

ONE evening Captain Gibson did not go ashore as usual, but took his wine in his cabin. There he drank until he fell soundly asleep. He awakened during the night with the feeling that

Not content with the jewellery, the pirates started undressing of the women were singled out and purposely left

something strange was afoot. Despite the foggy state of his brain, he became slowly conscious that the complete immobility of the past eighteen months had given place to motion. His hammock rocked gently, and there was a sound of creaking wood and lapping water. Flabbergasted by his discovery, he tumbled out, still undressed, and rushed to the door to investigate. There he was confronted by the quartermaster. Calmly smiling, Long Ben sat down at the cabin table and assured the captain that he had nothing to worry about.

Captain Gibson burst out: "But we are moving, are we not?"

"Of course," answered Long Ben, his pipe between his teeth.

"Then what on earth is going on?"

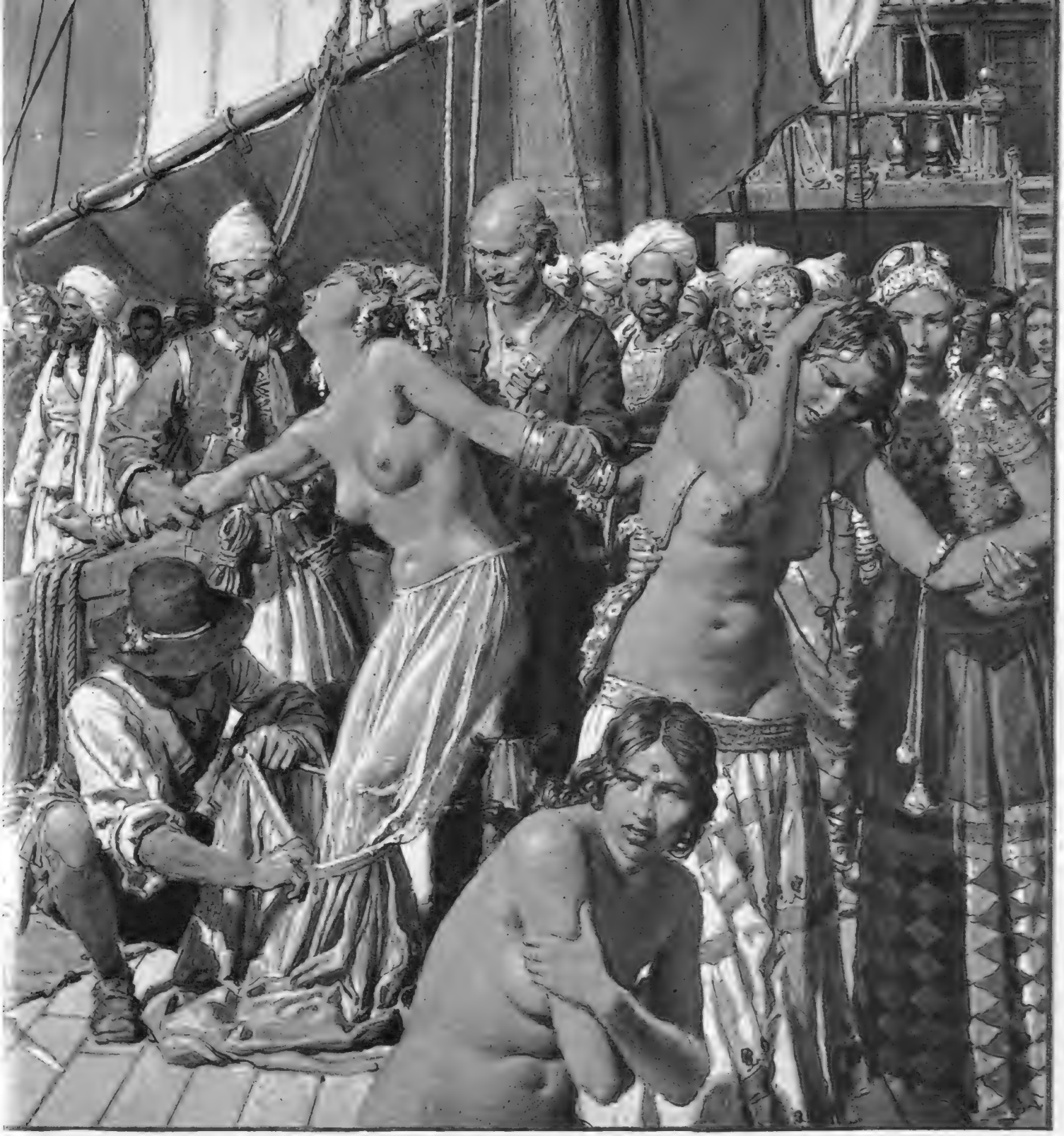
Without losing his composure, Long Ben explained that for some time he had been heartily disgusted with present conditions and felt determined to make a change. To this end, he had enlisted the support of two-thirds of the crew of the *James*, who came over, bringing with them their weapons and belongings, and easily subdued the men of the *Charles II*. From now on he was master of the situation and captain of the *Charles II*. If Gibson were willing to become quartermaster and take orders from him, he could do so. Otherwise he must leave and take with him any of the men who were still loyal to him.

His plan was to sail towards India to seek his fortune. Meantime, Gibson was advised to relinquish his command without fuss and to vacate his cabin.

Captain Gibson was speechless. He knew that bluffing was not in Long Ben's nature, and slowly began to put on his clothes. While he did so, two shots rang out. "What's that?" he asked.

Long Ben knocked out the ashes from his pipe and told him calmly: "Don't alarm yourself. It's only the *Charles II*. saluting the accursed shores of Spain."

Muttering imprecations, Captain Gibson followed the mutineer on deck, where he found himself confronted by a sneering crew armed to the teeth. Here the self-appointed captain made a speech against the Spaniards. British seamen were no fools, he said, and would never allow themselves to become miserable slaves, begging bread from the age-long enemy of England. He added that he was a Devonshire man, like the immortal Drake, and meant to stand for no



their victims. The younger and more beautiful naked, despite the protests of their menfolk

nonsense, but he would force no man to join him who was unwilling. There was plenty of time yet to go ashore. Captain Gibson and about fifteen others decided to go. They were given a leaky old boat and disappeared in it into the darkness. The *Charles II.*, with a crew of eighty-five men under the command of a coolly-efficient pirate captain, sailed unmolested out on to the high seas.

WHEN the sun rose again Long Ben had the ship's name painted out and replaced by the name of *Fancy*. In perfect weather the *Fancy* sailed down the coastline of Africa, rounded the Cape and proceeded to Madagascar. This island was then the rendezvous of filibusters of all nations. It had no government and no law. Business was conducted by the buccaneers on their own account. The inhabitants included malefactors, deserters and escaped prisoners, also native women of loose character. It was here that Long Ben careened his ship, replenished her with victuals and continued northwards. For several weeks the voyage was uneventful. The few ships they had met were not attractive enough as booty. Long Ben aimed at something far more profitable. He knew that the real " happy hunting-ground " of the pirate at this time of year was the entrance to the Red Sea. There, between Jeddah and Surat, plied the pilgrim ships bound for Mecca, the Tomb of the Prophet. They were known as the Mocha fleet, and contained valuable cargoes, besides the persons of the rich pilgrims, rajahs and nabobs, with their wives and suites, loaded with jewels and silks.

Just before reaching Bab el Mandeb the *Fancy* exchanged signals with two American privateers, the *Portsmouth Adventure* and the *Dolphin*.

Both captains admitted that they were after the same prize, and after a brief parley they joined forces with Long Ben. Together the three ships reached Perim Island. There three more British ships were lying at anchor, the *Pearl*, the *Susanna* and the *Amity*. Long Ben arranged a meeting with the captains, who read out to him their " letters of marque " against French vessels ; but he winked his eye at such apparent patriotism and presently they, too, admitted that the Mocha fleet was not altogether outside their scope of operations ! The upshot was that they threw in their lot with Long Ben, who thus became leader of a small squadron.

THEY waited some weeks under the burning sun; but no ships appeared on the skyline. They began to suspect that the fleet had passed them and slipped out of range. Would they do well to wait and pounce on them as they sailed back again?

At the end of another week they captured a small boat, and learned that only the previous night twenty-five large vessels had been seen heading for Surat. This could only be the Mocha fleet; and now their hope of overtaking it lay in madly giving chase, a task for which they were totally unprepared. Nevertheless, they resolved to try. They spent a whole day feverishly working to put their ships in good order, and then began the race towards Surat. The *Fancy* was soon well ahead of the others, while the *Dolphin*, the *Susanna* and the *Amity* lost ground steadily. Before they fell too far behind the captain of the *Dolphin* transferred half his men to the *Pearl* and the other half to the *Fancy*; then set his own ship on fire and left her to be swallowed up by the sea. The *Fancy* was not only the fastest vessel, but was equipped for fighting to perfection. Even her upper deck had been removed in order to give freedom of action and to present less of a target to the enemy.

From the outset of the expedition the leather caps had been taken off the gun muzzles and ammunition piled up near each one. Every man was at his post, itching to get to grips.

After three more days a ship was sighted. It was proceeding at a leisurely pace, pushed by a gentle breeze. Unaware of danger, she did not change her course, and the *Fancy* was on her in no time. She proved to be a straggler of 300 tons. Three shots were fired over her, and she gave up all pretence of resistance. Soon the pirates boarded her and made their first haul: gold and silver to the value of £60,000. They had no time to plunder their victim properly, so they towed her along with them, and the *Fancy* sailed on with the others far behind.

After several hours of sailing through misty conditions, the outline of a huge ship loomed up. Long Ben felt sure she was a man-of-war and would not risk attacking. He cut the towing rope and let the Indian ship go free, so that he could manœuvre more swiftly.

He crept nearer to get a closer view; and as he did so the guns from the huge vessel opened fire on him. Long Ben steered out of range, but kept abreast while he waited for his escorting ships to come up with him.

The *Pearl* caught up first; and Long Ben judged it better not to wait for the others. The two pirates chose their positions and loosed a cannonade at the Indian from both sides. The rapidity of their firing was almost unbelievable, and not a shot went amiss.

For three hours the deafening uproar continued, until at last a white flag appeared on the mast of the battered Indian. Cheers broke from the throats of the pirates, while thick clouds of gunpowder smoke enveloped the scene of the battle.

Long Ben would not allow more than a dozen men to accompany him on board the captured vessel. Rowing up alongside they estimated her to be of not less than 700 tons and forty guns. Shouting like devils they climbed up, spreading such panic that passengers and crew ran headlong down below. Long Ben let them go and then shut the hatches. Only the dead and wounded remained upon the devastated decks.

An inspection was made of the officers' cabins and those of the most distinguished passengers. Everywhere were signs of riches beyond their dreams.

Two heavy chests were dragged out. Axe blows split the lids and revealed a vast treasure, the cash payment for a valuable cargo already delivered. Gold and silver coins in thousands—enough to provoke madness and bloodshed, had the entire pirate crew been there to behold it. Wisely, Long Ben ordered the chests to be closed and roped up, (*Continued on p.* 50)

Often thereafter the Mr. Bridgeman was to be seen spotlessly attired, in commercial centres, listening with amazement to the tales of that arch-devil Long Ben the Pirate

The Wisest in the Wilds

By B. Melville Nicholas

THE fox goes forth on his nightly prowl, suspicious of every sound he hears, but his fatherly instinct prompts him to go onward for there are four hungry mouths at home (above). Fox cubs are born in early spring. Here is the vixen with her four children

FOR intelligence and parental devotion the fox, in my opinion, is without a rival in all the wide world of wild animals. Some folk say that its abilities have been much overrated, but to this I cannot agree. Of course, I do not credit the fox with any superhuman understanding, but I have never known the animal lose its head.

I shall never forget one afternoon when a party of farm-workers were carting away an old sandy burrow in which generations of badgers had lived, and a vixen dashed out of one of the underground corridors and disappeared into the woodlands. But she did not go far, for some minutes afterwards, when I joined the workmen for a smoke, we could plainly see the fox crouching beneath some gorse bushes with her amber-coloured eyes focused on the burrow.

I immediately suspected that she had occupied this old badger sett for the purpose of family affairs and that there were probably cubs within. Nothing but devotion to her family could have overcome her natural fear of mankind to such an extent that while the men continued their digging, she continued to watch.

Eventually, in a chamber at the extreme end of one of the corridors a family of four cubs about a fortnight old were unearthed. They were much too small to crawl away, and when the workmen departed I placed them in a grassy slope and hurried back home to fetch my camera. I was absent less than ten minutes, but when I returned, excited and breathless, the cubs were gone! On the newly dug soil I could plainly see the fox's neat, dog-like paw marks and concluded that she had removed her treasures to safer quarters.

But there were no other setts in the immediate vicinity and she had not had sufficient time to carry them far—remembering, of course, that she could carry only one at a time. This meant four separate journeys and convinced me that the quads were not far away.

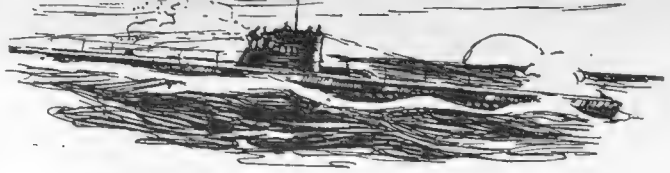
But what was that? A rustle in the fern attracted my attention and a lovely dog fox crossed my vision, to vanish as if by magic into the surrounding undergrowth. Then there was another flash of golden red; it was the vixen, and then, coming from the direction from which she had come, I could faintly hear a chorus of shrill whimperings.

It came from the four cubs neatly tucked away in the bracken some twenty yards from the old burrow. There could be no doubt that the dog fox had played his part in the removal of the family, for during my brief absence not only had these devoted parents safely conveyed their little ones, but they had even scraped out a deep depression in the ground as a temporary nursery for them.

However, my chances of photography had not been denied me. Fixing my camera in position some reasonable distance from the cubs' temporary residence, I proceeded to erect a "hide" of gorse and branches in which to conceal myself and so await the return of the parent foxes. I realised that I was dealing with cunning creatures, and was very careful in the preparation of my hide-out, making sure that it had been so placed that the breezes would not betray my presence.

Imagine my surprise when, after all arrangements for photography had been made, I went to have another look at the cubs and discovered they were not there!

I could hardly believe my own eyes. It seemed too uncanny to be true, and although I searched everywhere, they were not to be found. The truth was that the parents must have returned and removed them from under my very nose. There was a low ledge which they must have crawled over, it was scarcely more than a mound, but it was the only way they could have done it without my seeing them. (*Continued on page* 59)



Boarding

IT happened exactly a week before Eisenhower's forces landed in North Africa. Vichy politicians were still treading the tightrope with apparent success, and a line on the map of France marked off the zones controlled by Pétain and Hitler. And for thousands of men and women the crossing of that line meant life and liberty, particularly if they possessed enough money to travel down to the Spanish frontier and bribe their way over.

A crowd of such people were now aboard the American freighter *Kentucky*, due to sail from Lisbon in three hours. She carried a cargo of dried fruits and phosphate, apart from the dreams of nearly fifty refugees from France. One man had got away from a Nazi prison camp in Occupied France; another was joining his family in the States; a prominent French trade unionist had been warned in time and just managed to avoid arrest and make his escape; and there were several Jews who had no wish to be herded into Nazi labour battalions.

There was also the famous scientist, Henri Bloch, who was travelling under a different name because the Gestapo had very definite instructions to kidnap him. Vichy was not sorry to learn that the professor had managed to slip out of France. His presence on the Riviera had caused more than one nasty scene with the Nazi officials. The Germans had, at first, tried to bribe Bloch to return to Paris, offering him a well-equipped laboratory and a staff of assistants if he would continue his research work. He had refused to do so, and the Nazis had to twiddle their thumbs while Europe's greatest authority on high explosives promenaded on the Croisette!

A clumsy attempt to kidnap him had caused anti-Nazi demonstrations throughout France. Bloch was a former President of the Academy and a Commander of the Legion of Honour. After that affair the Gestapo was told to be careful, but German agents continued to stalk him.

He had kept under cover in Lisbon, and a squad of plain-clothes police watched over him. But for his superstitious terror of flying he would long since have been in America. A seat on the *Clipper* had been put at his service, but, years ago, he had dreamed of dying in an air crash. He decided to sail on the *Kentucky*, relieved that German submarines now seemed less active.

He did not know that an agent in Lisbon had already bribed one of his police guards. Before the freighter lifted anchor a message had been sent to Paris. Instructions were quickly flashed to Brest. While the refugees aboard the *Kentucky* were dreaming of America, a lean metallic shape was sliding under the water towards its quarry. Professor Bloch would soon be working in Berlin, if all went well.

And everything seemed to be going according to plan. Herr Kapitan Wohlheim, of the *Lutzen*, was already congratulating himself on an easy capture. This Bloch affair would undoubtedly receive good publicity at home and he might get a nice slice of leave. His old fits of depression had recently returned, and some shooting in Bavaria would be just the thing to put him on his feet.

The U-boat was cruising along quite comfortably. The sea was a bit lumpy, and once or twice Coastal Command aircraft buzzed inquisitively overhead. But there were few destroyers about and Wohlheim anticipated no trouble. He wasn't aware that the comparative absence of enemy shipping was due to the African campaign, which was about to open. Hundreds of British and American ships were lying in a dozen ports, ready to swarm into the Mediterranean.

But the German was blissfully unconscious of all this. The pigboat was now pinching in towards the zone where the *Kentucky* might be expected. Wohlheim, with a pipe between his teeth and his overcoat buttoned up around his ears, was unrolling a chart in his tiny cabin. To look at, he was a man of about forty, with a hard, lean face and a tallow thatch of hair. He was well over six feet, but his large, chunky body made him look shorter.

The call came at last, and the crew jumped to battle stations. Wohlheim was smiling as his eyes pressed against the eyepieces of the periscope. The *Kentucky* was quite distinct now. The mists were crowding in, and he decided to wait before surfacing, although there seemed to be nothing about.

Illustrated by M. Mackinlay

Aboard the freighter the passengers were getting ready for bed. The professor had already retired and was reading. On deck a young Jewish woman was thinking wistfully of her house in Hamburg as the dark waves slapped the ship squarely. She wore a beige Angora muffler and knotted it more snugly about her throat as the wind began to whistle across the deck. It was getting cold, but standing up there in the half-light was soothing somehow; at least, it was preferable to lying sleepless below and trying to forget Germany and all the hell of the last two years. Starving and begging food in Paris. That nightmare of a waitress job in Nice. Dancing with sailors in a Marseilles joint. She shuddered.

Just at that moment the *Lutzen* fired her deck gun and the blast almost rocked the woman off her feet. Her throat went tight. She could see an orange-white light spitting in the distance and another explosion followed. Nearer the *Kentucky* that time. Her knees began to give, but things were happening now and she was caught up in a press of frightened passengers.

"Look, there are more lights!" someone said, pointing into the cold mist.

Lutzen was giving the usual signals now. The freighter was to stop her engines and be prepared to receive a boarding party. The wireless was to be shut off at once. If this was not agreed, she would be sunk without further warning.

The skipper stood rigid on the bridge. He put down his glasses and shrugged hopelessly. It was hard to think that in a few minutes his ship would be ripped open by a torpedo. He had seen the U-boat's gun crew forward of the conning tower. And there were some ugly-looking machine guns on the bridge that meant business. Maybe they might be picked up. They were some 700 miles from land, but plenty of aircraft did long-range patrols these days. Nevertheless, it would not be fun for the passengers in this cold, especially with the sea getting lumpier than ever.

ALL this shot across his mind while the *Kentucky* flashed its submission to being boarded. He murmured: "Don't worry, ladies and gentlemen," as he passed the passengers who were running nervous, testing fingers over their lifejackets. It was a bit of luck that the pigboat hadn't torpedoed them right away, he reflected, as he turned into his cabin and collected his papers and manifest. He put them in the weighted bag and tossed it through the porthole. Then he picked up his pipe, filled a flask with Scotch and slipped it into his hip pocket.

"Leutnant, take three men and go aboard," Wohlheim had ordered as soon as the *Kentucky* signalled back. "Bring me back whisky and tobacco but don't waste time. I want you to arrest a Frenchman named Bloch." He rubbed his chin and took a photograph from his coat pocket. "In case he tries to resist, hit him on the head but don't kill him, whatever happens." He handed over the photograph. "This will identify him in case he's using false papers. I want you to search his cabin and bring back any books or documents you may find there."

The leutnant cocked an inquiring eyebrow but saluted smartly. He was about to retire when Wohlheim stopped him.

"No, Leutnant," he snapped; "I shall go personally. This is important. The Frenchman is more useful than ten freighters."

The leutnant—he was little more than a boy—looked sullen as he saluted again. Wohlheim guessed what he was thinking. A captain did not leave his ship to lead a boarding party. But this was a special job and there must be no slip; a lapse in naval etiquette would be overlooked for bringing in such a prize as the famous scientist, Bloch.

"Bring your camera, Klaus," he added, with a faint grin.

"*Ja*, Herr Kapitan," said the young officer. He was also smiling now. The captain's last order explained things. He wanted some pictures for Dr. Goebbels! Klaus had done this sort of thing before. Clever pictures of British sailors looking hangdog and frustrated, with their hands aloft while U-boat crews lined them up. Passengers ordered to smile into the camera as they crowded into the lifeboats to illustrate Nazi "humanity" and loving kindness. The final shot of the enemy merchant vessel sinking into the sea to persuade hungry Germans that their glorious submarines were winning the Battle of the Atlantic. And, of course, the Herr Kapitan would wish to have his

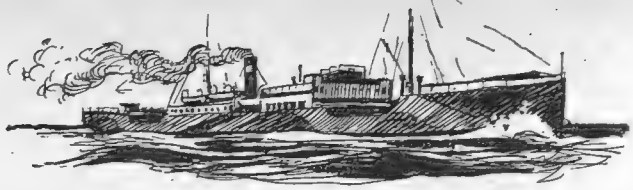
THE Kapitan was still standing there, gazing at the dark young woman. She seemed to have recovered herself and was staring back at him with a funny smile on her face

Party

Memories and Remorse sends a U-boat to its Doom

By

Stanley Jackson



own features imprinted on these proofs of his success. The leutnant's mouth was twisted into a cynical smile as he went to his quarters for the camera.

But Klaus did not take any pictures, as it happened. Things moved very quickly from the moment Wohlheim jumped on the deck of the *Kentucky* with an automatic pistol in his hand. He touched the visor of his peaked cap in curt salute and clicked his heels.

"*Kapitan Wohlheim,*" he said stiffly. With an instinctive gesture the passengers drew back into a (*Continued on page* 54)

Good-bye

A Story of Hollywood

GINGER ROGERS swam many hours in a very cold tank, to make the torpedoed ship scenes for "Once Upon a Honeymoon" in which she appears with Cary Grant

THOSE who know Hollywood best assert it is the kind of town where anything might happen—and generally does. At the present date something is most certainly happening in this fabulous city where films and fortunes are made. A change has come over the studio scene. The war has done more than introduce a long string of pictures that reveal death, destruction, and violence; it has presented, with pride, Miss Ex-glamour Girl.

Glamour is in the background, so far as many of the screen's most luscious lovelies are concerned. They are getting their teeth into something tougher than mere make-up and a lot of special lighting, designed to gild even the most gilded lily. Glamour girls are demonstrating that they take it smack on the chin, when required, and like it.

The beauties of celluloid may not entirely like this sticking out of the chin business; but, at least, they are happy because they are proving day after day that they are not the weaker sex, when it comes to acting in films. In my early Hollywood days I remember that a star was not considered a *real* star unless he, or she, found they had been provided with a double for any scene that was likely to involve the faintest hint of discomfort or danger. Today, it is only for feats that are practically acrobatic or definitely hazardous that a double is called in.

Recently, I watched some scenes being made at R-K-O Studios for the new Ginger Rogers-Cary Grant picture called *Once Upon a Honeymoon*. In the course of their adventures they find themselves on a ship that gets itself torpedoed in the Baltic Sea. To save Ginger's life Cary pushes her overboard, fully clothed, and they both swim to a raft.

To swim for an entire day (with intervals for new camera-line-ups) in a studio tank, fully clothed, is no sort of joke.

When the film is shown, remember that it is Ginger herself who flaps round in the water, in her clothes, looking as far from glamorous as it is possible for a girl with her teeth and hair to look.

When Paramount started to make *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and Ingrid Bergman was finally engaged to play the role of Maria, the studio executives were fully prepared to engage an experienced trick rider (a man, not too tall to dress in Maria's clothes, if necessary) for all the difficult riding scenes in the mountains with which the film is packed.

But Miss Bergman said she would do all the riding, and running, and anything else required by the script herself—or she would not play in the film at all! So she had her thick hair cut very short, and turned herself into a peasant girl who was Ernest Hemingway's heroine. When she came back from many weeks spent on location in the High Sierras, Miss Bergman was covered with cuts, scratches, and bruises as the result of riding, running, and falling in terribly rough country. But she did the entire job herself, and said it was thrilling.

HERE is Ginger Rogers disguised as a girl of twelve in a scene from the film "The Major and the Minor"

Another Ginger Rogers film, made just before *Once Upon a Honeymoon*, reveals her in the most unglamorous make-up and clothes imaginable. The picture is *The Major and the Minor*, a very amusing comedy in which Ginger stars with Ray Milland. The plot demands that, for the greater part of the film, Ginger has to pretend she is a very unattractive child of twelve or thirteen—and the audience knows perfectly well she is really a lovely, grown-up girl.

To turn herself into a convincing child of twelve, Ginger strips her face of every scrap of make-up. She tried many ways of dealing with her face; then found that to wipe off all the grease-paint and then leave a faint smearing of cold cream on her skin was the most effective and convincing. Her lovely red hair was scragged back into two hideous plaits; and Ginger, the freckle-faced child, took the place of Ginger the Glamour Girl.

Joan Crawford took the beating of her life, and must have felt like a bunch of chewed string, when she did the jitterbug

INGRID BERGMAN, as she appears in the Paramount picture "For Whom the Bell Tolls." She insisted on doing the riding and running herself

Glamour

As It Is To-day

By

Margaret Chute

scenes in Columbia's *They All Kissed the Bride*. Although she started as a dancer, Joan has never gone in for the violent form of foot and body waving that is the delight of the true jitterbug. But when she read the sequence in which she had to visit a dance hall, and go through a tough jitterbug session with Allen Jenkins as her partner, she said she would not have a double engaged for any part of the scenes.

JEAN ARTHUR, her face covered with cold cream, in a scene from "Merry-Go-Round." Joel McCrea and Charles Coburn are also seen in the picture (At top of page)

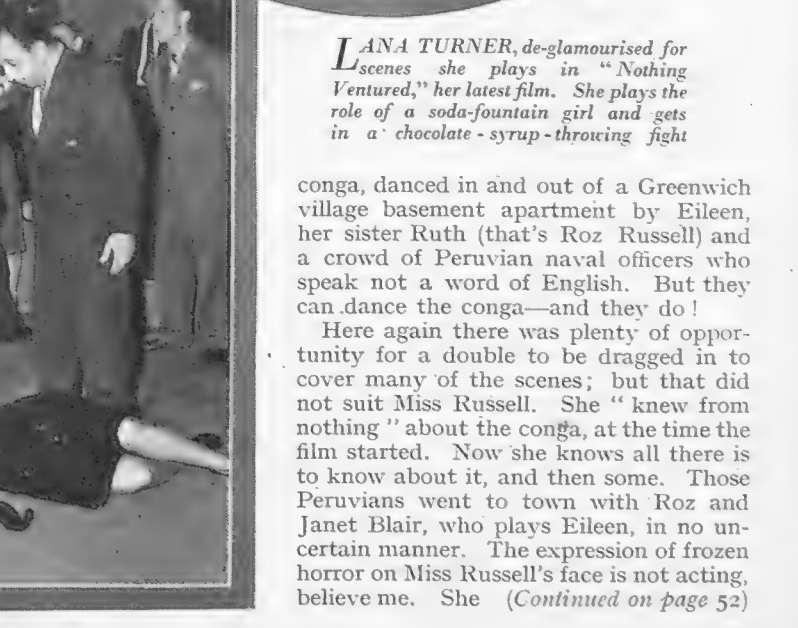
ROSALIND RUSSELL, as a world-famous aviatrix, spends most of her time looking like this in her latest film "Flight for Freedom"

It took over a week to film that sequence. And for most of that week, during working hours, Joan and Allen Jenkins were out on that dance-floor, making ordinary jitterbugs look like a bag of peanuts.

In the end, when she finished the contest by falling flat on her back on the floor, Joan Crawford was really out. That's what a glamour girl suffers, these days, for the sake of her job.

Rosalind Russell has been taking it on the chin, in more than one recent picture. First there was *My Sister Eileen*, from the gay stage play of the same title. The high spot of both play and film is a wild

DOWN and Out. Joan Crawford was really down and out when this picture was taken at the end of the jitterbug sequence in "They All Kissed the Bride"



LANA TURNER, de-glamourised for scenes she plays in "Nothing Ventured," her latest film. She plays the role of a soda-fountain girl and gets in a chocolate-syrup-throwing fight

conga, danced in and out of a Greenwich village basement apartment by Eileen, her sister Ruth (that's Roz Russell) and a crowd of Peruvian naval officers who speak not a word of English. But they can dance the conga—and they do!

Here again there was plenty of opportunity for a double to be dragged in to cover many of the scenes; but that did not suit Miss Russell. She "knew from nothing" about the conga, at the time the film started. Now she knows all there is to know about it, and then some. Those Peruvians went to town with Roz and Janet Blair, who plays Eileen, in no uncertain manner. The expression of frozen horror on Miss Russell's face is not acting, believe me. She (*Continued on page* 52)

The Shibboleth of Von Eisenbaum

He warned his host against careless talk but his own words sent him to his doom

By Vincent Cornier

UTTERLY unaware that a secret radio-sender had already notified the British Intelligence Corps of his departure from Alkmaar, in North Holland, Gruppen-Fuehrer Conrad von Eisenbaum sat in the riverside garden of that West Yorkshire inn, gently at peace. The sentimental lard of him was melting in warm satisfaction. He had good beer, better tobacco, and real food. He could listen to the carefree voices of women, while beauty burned within the evening light.

Rooks bickered; high elms made withered whisperings; the river suckled lovely earth—men laughed and glasses clinked.

Von Eisenbaum marvelled at these English. This silken serenity—the patient refusal of this people to be strident in the winds of war—astounded him. He had ranged Europe from France to Greece, from western Russia to the Netherlands, but nowhere was there any national mood the match of this.

All to the good, he told himself. These complacent fools were still drugged by the divine arrogance of their breeding: that lethal air in which their whole vast empire was beginning to die. As yet, none of them had awakened to the trumpets of the newer order of the world, blowing their requiem. *Yes*, a stupid race these English, yet, inheritors of a territory more graceful than any the gods had fashioned, outside Valhalla.

Now this valley, for instance; he liked it. It held women, too, after his own taste. When the world-victory had been achieved it should not be difficult to become Gauleiter hereabouts—very simple indeed, if he succeeded in the mission he had flown from Holland to accomplish. Von Eisenbaum fingered the fountain pen in his waistcoat pocket, and softly grinned.

He would succeed, easily. These sheepheads could never suspect him. Really, it amused him to imagine their stupefaction, were they to be told that the stout Irishman calling himself Terence Treloar was the grim von Eisenbaum, Schutz Stafel Group-Leader, personal friend of the Fuehrer and Germany's most subtle spy.

However, they would realise no more, ever, than he was Fatty Treloar, a Ministry clerk who had snatched a fortnight's holiday from Whitehall, to go after late trout on the placid River Nith.

A bat dipped from the trees and trembled about against the green light of evening, in which one fierce star was held. Von Eisenbaum sighed. *Ah*, God, a German night. . . . He remembered again the sweet lime fire of his native Bavarian hills, where the sage grey breasts of Berchtesgaden slept beneath the old Haus Wachenfeldt, now the white eyrie of the Leader. Von Eisenbaum looked around him, half expecting to see ebony spires of ilexes, the velvety silver foliage of sleeping olive trees, cream peacocks roosting in the Leader's gardens and black-bristled pigs rounding dens for sleep in the rich grasses of the lanes.

Nostalgia—and a sad foreboding; a presentiment that he should never see his Fatherland again. Then he chuckled and hunched his shoulders. He was forgetting the effects and strength of British bottled beer. . . .

"Nah then, Maister Treloar, awf asleep, like?" The landlord of the Carringham Arms had come out to him. "Aa'm noan surprised. It's t' moor air tha knows. For th' fust few days it'll fair play hummer wi' thee."

"So that's what's matter—eh?" The spy yawned and got up from the garden seat. "Simply couldn't keep my eyes open."

Mine host was sniffing, keenly. He looked puzzled.

"Dosta smell t'sea, sir? Heng me, but Aa could sweer we was on t'front at Blackpool! Aa've niver smelt t'like o' yon afore, aht here."

Von Eisenbaum's heart raced, then became suffocatingly still. Damn this boor's clever nose. . . . For the second time he nervously fingered that semi-transparent stylographic fountain pen of his.

"Can't say I smell anything unusual," he smiled. "Except, of course, wet heather and the river."

"Aye? Happen Aa'm wreng." The landlord sidled alongside. "By th' way, sir, don't tak' it amiss like, but t' local constable's called t'hev a look at y'r papers—identity card an' so forth. Tha mon't blame me——"

"Oh, good lord, no! I quite understand. What is it? Do they think I'm that Jerry the searchlights caught, baling out of that bomber the other night?"

There was just one instant's curious pause. Then the landlord said, confidentially:

"Nay, Aa think that's nobbut a bit o' them Home Guards' blether! Noa, Maister Treloar, it's rayther different. Tha sees we're expectin' a lot o' government big bugs coming up here, to-morrow, t'inspect a secret aircraft factory what's bin——"

"Now then, Alderton!" Terence Treloar was stern and immediately inimical. "'Careless talk costs lives!' See how easy it would be for me, were I a spy, to gather information. Damn it all, man, it's not good enough—not fair to the lads in the Forces!"

"Why nah, Maister Treloar, Aa—Aa doan't quite get y'r point, like——"

"Surely it's obvious? I arrived this morning. I knew nothing about your secret aircraft factory, nor the forthcoming inspection. You told me! Y'know, landlord, that's the kind of tittle-tattle swine Jerry's aching to hear! Sorry—but it's almost playing Hitler's game!"

The abashed landlord followed Terence into the presence of an apologetic policeman.

Apologetic or no, "Treloar" noticed, the officer did his work thoroughly. From identity card to ration books, from private correspondence to a Whitehall Ministry pass, even to a comparison of specimen signatures, the constable slowly laboured. And von Eisenbaum, alias "Terence Treloar," thanked his many gods for the precise and exquisite staff work which had provided him with such unassailable credentials.

The constable drank a health, and departed. Ah, *yes*—a most stupid, sheep-headed, messy people, these infinitely-to-be-damned and heaven-accursed English!

Illustrated by

Steven Spurrier

"NAH then, Maister Treloar, awf asleep, like?" The landlord of the Carringham Arms had come out to him. "Aa'm noan surprised. It's t' moor air tha knows. For th' fust few days it'll fair play hummer wi' thee"

A QUIET brown-faced man introduced himself to "Treloar" during the course of the evening.

"I hear you're going to try your luck on our local waters," he smiled. "My name's Frobisher. I'm a maniac where trout are concerned. Anything I can do to help—howl out!"

They drank together, talked of rods and flies and of olden encounters with wily fish, and "Treloar" warmed to the man. One incident, only, caused the German qualms. He negotiated technicalities about "spiders," "bleas," Alnwick and Darlington dressed trout flies—was wise about the balance of rods and the peculiarities of reels, but intensely worried when Frobisher showed interest in an artificial fly which was caught in the lapel of his own tweed jacket.

"That's a queer 'un," Frobisher said, and "Treloar" had to unhook the tiny thing and submit it to the local enthusiast's inspection. "Kind of modified March Brown, isn't it?"

Out came a pocket lens and Frobisher took pains in his examination of the specimen. "Treloar" quaked, and cursed the ill fortune which had resulted in the thing remaining in his jacket from an angling trip taken in South Bavaria only a week or so previously.

"An American dressing," he curtly stated. "Damn' fancy, and equally useless. By the way, Frobisher, what are y' having?"

Frobisher returned the fly and said loudly: "*Another.*" The landlord himself served this whisky. And, both men noticed, the glasses held unequal measures.

"What the hell!" Frobisher chuckled. "Does Alderton think I've had enough, or what?" He held up his glass and drew attention to it. "Hi, Alderton—what's all this? 'False measure is an abomination' good landlord!"

The very air of the dim old room seemed to close upon von Eisenbaum in one great clamp of horror. Again, he felt his heart stopping and racing. The hairs on his nape prickled like steel splinters. He knew his fat body was wet with chilly sweats. But the landlord merely replenished the glass and explained away a silly mistake. He had served a single instead of a double, he said. Yet—those words; those strange and deadly apposite words! Perhaps . . . *those deliberately chosen words.*

Von Eisenbaum thought back, a few hours: less than forty little hours. . . .

He had left the *melk salon*, near the canal bridge in Alkmaar—the *salon* which served as the headquarters offices of an advanced echelon of the Luftwaffe—to watch the play of those mediæval mammets on the roof of the Town Weigh House, in the Square. For nigh on five hundred years those little metal men and horses had fought a clockwork tournament when the Weigh House clock struck noon.

It was mid-day—he set his wrist watch to exact time—a tiny herald lifted a trumpet. The noise of his fanfare went out to all the chill wet airs of that north Holland shore. Creaking and clattering, the clockwork knights and their chargers jousted below that grey old steeple which is so like that of St. Bride's in Fleet Street. Then the jangling carillon beat out the ancient tune of the smack-handed cheese factors:

FROBISHER stood upright. He stretched his arms. Two battle-dressed khaki figures, fully armed, stood across the doorway

"False measure is Abomination to our Lord,
The weight of Justice, His delight."

No more than those forty little hours ago. . . . And here, in an English inn, a quiet fellow with a good-natured brown face repeated half of that Dutch jingle.

A hand was outstretched. A lean forefinger was flicked over by a supple thumb. Despite his mental agitation, "Treloar" interpreted the sign and automatically passed across a box of matches.

Frobisher lit a cigarette, grinned, and drank all his whisky at a gulp. As he raised his head from the emptied glass he spoke two Latin words and cocked an interrogative eyebrow, after the fashion of men who demand of a friend that he anglicise some tag.

"*De profundis*," Frobisher said.

"'Out of the defths,'" smiled "Treloar."

Frobisher stood upright. He stretched his arms. Two battle-dressed khaki figures, fully armed, stood across the doorway.

"Treloar," Frobisher asked, "do you recall the fate of the Ephraimites at Jordan? Remember, the men of Gilead challenged them. They had a simple way of deciding if an Ephraimite enemy was in their midst. . . . 'Then said they unto him: say now Shibboleth. And he said Sibboleth, for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him.' . . . As you are taken, to be slain, Conrad von Eisenbaum!"

NOW it had come to him, von Eisenbaum did not falter nor did he hesitate. He arose, clicked his heels, and bowed stiffly.

"It appears we are both intelligence officers, Frobisher," he murmured. "I am not armed. I have not long to enjoy your company—you have me without hope of pardon or mercy. Then, as a matter of purely academic interest, please tell me how the devil you did it!"

Frobisher looked at his captive a long while. Then he deliberately called for two more whiskies and re-seated himself.

"Von Eisenbaum, you hadn't an earthly! You left the Alkmaar airfield, supernumerary in a bombing flight, and we had your very machine taped from the moment it took off. We had an idea you would head for this locality, you see—Germany doesn't send men like you to Britain for the good of their health. No, we felt that you might be more than a little interested in an inspection ceremony taking place here, to-morrow.

"With all our care, you might have got away with it, had you not opened your trap to Alderton about the Jerry baling out in the glare of the searchlights. The Home Guards saw *something* rip away, but thought it was fabric—until you told mine host it was a man—yourself!

"As for the rest, it was simple. That trout fly you have in your lapel had chinchilla follicles in its make-up. No British or American fly has that. It is dressed on a Siemen's flat-pressed hook with a German barb: a barb pointing out from the bend, not into the bend, as our barbs do. Moreover, you Jerries swear by oval-drawn silkworm gut. English drawing is perfectly circular in section and we use diamonds, drilled, to make sure it is so. Your gut is oval in section."

Frobisher mused and his face softened.

"Von Eisenbaum, war is a hellish thing! I can recall happier days—killing with that particular chinchilla fly among the brown foams where the Lech brawls into Danube. Aye, and outside old Ulm—those lovely walls. Yes," he sighed, "it's hell all right!"

Slowly he went on:

"Your watch is wrong. Two hours three and a half minutes wrong. A perfect timepiece, but you did not allow for British double summer time and the time difference caused by Alkmaar's longitudinal easting from Greenwich.

"When I had you off your guard—after that simple trick arranged with the landlord over those odd glasses of whisky, to allow me the opportunity of putting the fear of God into you—I gave you a purely German sign, and you instantly replied. That flick of thumb over forefinger, meaning 'give me fire,' is never used in England as a request for matches, von Eisenbaum.

"Finally, your Shibboleth. Your English, even in idiom, is flawless. Yet, I felt I had to determine a flaw. Most British people say 'dip-theria' when they mean 'diph-theria.' Obversely no German yet born has ever been able to pronounce the hard 'pth' as it occurs in our word 'depth.' (*Continued on page* 50)

By Jane Gordon

I wonder if it is true that our Army nurses will soon go into khaki uniform owing to the shortage of the present grey material? Of all uniforms, the Territorial and Queen Alexandra nurses' grey is the least practical, and certainly cannot boast what my American cousin calls "surface charm." It seems a very sound scheme to line up the Army nurses in khaki uniform in the same way that the uniform of the other women's Services matches the service to which they are attached.

The American Red Cross uniform is certainly giving English women a lot to talk about. It is pretty, it is becoming, and no one seems to know who has a right to wear it. When the good-looking grey-blue greatcoats with the Red Cross badge on the arm first appeared around Grosvenor Square we understood that only mobile members of the American Red Cross were permitted to wear the uniform. Naturally, American women who crossed from the United States to serve in England came under this heading, and so, presumably, did American members living over here who were willing to be shifted from one part of the country to another. Since then our pre-war lovelies who adorn the pages of our social weeklies are being seen about town dressed in this uniform and causing a tremendous amount of heart-burning among their less fortunate sisters who work at the various American officers' and men's clubs.

Personally, I am all for the American Red Cross uniform. It is easy on the eye, apparently has nothing whatsoever to do with nursing, and brightens up our off-duty conversation no end.

On Duty—and Off

IT is the little things that do the most damage to a woman's working efficiency. Little things such as a chilblain, bunion or varicose veins create more fatigue than actual hard work. There is nothing glamorous about any of these troubles. They do not seem important enough to treat seriously, and yet in the long run they cause more harm to the war effort than a short, sharp illness.

ON DUTY

Chilblains.—These usually appear on the fingers or toes, and they are dusky-red, round or oval, extremely itching swellings. Sometimes they ulcerate. Anæmic girls are often the victims of chilblains.

Points to remember: (1) wear light, warm underclothes; (2) avoid tight shoes; (3) wear warm stockings or woolly socks over your stockings, and warm clothes; (4) wash in lukewarm water and dry the hands and feet thoroughly, using a hand lotion afterwards; (5) avoid constipation; (6) try a course of Crookes Halycalcyne, and take it regularly through the winter.

Local treatment: this includes ointments containing menthol salicylate or iodine or lead lotion. Galvanic hand- or foot-baths may be recommended by the doctor, or he may advise diathermy or ultra-violet light, either locally or generally.

Bunion.—This is the result of inflammation and swelling of the bursa of the large toe joint. Irritation and pressure of a badly-fitting shoe will inflame the bursa and cause an abnormal secretion of fluid inside the sac, which will then become swollen. Anyone who has had an acute bunion knows the symptoms all too well—the painful swelling, the heat and the redness.

Rest is absolutely necessary during the acute stage; and the best home treatment consists of fomentations or antiphlogistine.

Varicose Veins.—If you are prone to varicose veins, the great thing to remember is to avoid tight belts or corsets, and you should never wear garters. Another thing to remember is the truth of that advertisement, "Excuse me, inner cleanliness is the most important" (I am not sure that I have quoted right, but this is the idea).

Long hours of standing are bad, but walking and other forms of exercise are good because they help to tone up the muscles. The most important exercise of all is deep breathing.

It is foolish to put up with varicose veins now that there are so many successful ways of dealing with them. Several kinds of injections are now used, some of which are most successful; and it is always worth while consulting your doctor about this. The modern operation for varicose veins is a great advance on the long, untidy operation used in the past, and there is no reason why anyone should put up with the discomfort and ill health caused by these veins.

OFF DUTY

IT is only a question of time now before Home Guard cramp becomes as well known to the public as housemaid's knee or athlete's foot. So far, nothing has been heard of this complaint because Home Guards have not bothered to talk about it. All the same, it is proving to be quite a nuisance, and if you have a Home Guard of your own who is being bothered by cramp, you will be able to give him some useful tips.

He may blame his Army boots, but actually it is more likely to be his leather anklets which are to blame. These cause much more pressure than the canvas anklets worn by the Regular Army, because they are so much stiffer in texture and there is no give in them. So it is a good plan to treat the feet and ankles to a brisk rub each time the Home Guard anklets are taken off. This will help the circulation and ease muscle tension.

Cramp may be associated with poisons of various kinds affecting either the muscles or the nerves which control them. Rheumaticky and gouty people, and those with varicose veins are apt to get cramp, but the Home Guard cramp is probably due to fatigue from over-exertion, combined with the pressure from the stiff leather anklets on top of the Army boots. The sole of the foot and the calf muscles are most likely to be affected. This variety is known by the pompous name of Gastrocnemius cramp, and it is usually brought on by the weight of heavy bedclothes.

Anyone who has had bad cramp in the calf muscles knows how painful it can be. The only thing to do during an attack is to try and stretch the affected muscle group, and the way to do this is to straighten the knee and press the sole of the foot upwards. People subject to this form of cramp at night know that the quickest way to deal with it is to get out of bed and try to walk, because as soon as the foot is put to the ground the ankle is "dorsi-flexed" by the weight of the body, and the cramped muscles are stretched.

One way to prevent heavy bedclothes from causing cramp is to put a small basket at the foot of the bed under the blankets, which keeps the weight of them off the feet. Another tip is to tie about a dozen corks in a muslin bad and keep this in the bed like a hot-water bottle. Why corks from wine bottles should prevent cramp I have no idea, but they definitely do the trick for some people.

Current Affairs

WASHING AND CLEANING

A Woollen Dress. Shake and brush the dress thoroughly to remove dust. Use plenty of water—soft, if possible; if not, add ammonia—and make it soapy by first dissolving soap-flakes in boiling water and adding the solution to the warm water. Never wring or rub the garment, but gently squeeze it. Rinse in water of the same temperature as the first and renew the rinsing water until there is no more discolouration. Squeeze dry, but do not mangle. Dry flat in a good breeze.

To Prevent Shrinkage. The following applies to wool, flannel and all shrinkable fabrics. Dissolve soap-flakes in boiling water before adding to warm washing water. This is to prevent undissolved particles of soap lodging in the fabric. Use soft water, if possible, or add a tablespoonful of ammonia. Squeeze the garment and rinse thoroughly in water of the same temperature. Squeeze out surplus moisture and roll in a dry towel. Squeeze again, then gently pull the garment into shape. Never hang up to dry, but lay flat in the open or in a warm, dry atmosphere. Pull into shape at intervals.

Discolouration. White clothes that show a bad colour have been carelessly washed. An insufficiency of water and not enough rinsing are the usual causes. Boiling is important, but need be done only occasionally if the clothes are first soaked overnight to loosen dirt, then washed in very hot water and rinsed at least four times in clean water.

Bleaching in the open is not always possible in winter, but it is a fact that, when conditions permit, table-cloths and sheets laid flat on the grass take on an immaculate whiteness.

Underarm Stains. When a garment is badly stained with perspiration, soak the underarm in a mild solution of ammonia and water before washing. If the damage is only slight and the dress is not to be washed, sponging with the same mixture is helpful.

Dry-Cleaning a Dark Suit or Dress. First brush thoroughly and clean off with a chemical solvent all visible stains and marks. Now brush all over the surface of the fabric with a mixture made of one teaspoonful of ammonia to a pint of tepid water. Wipe off surplus moisture with a clean, dry cloth. Press the garment on the right side over a damp cloth. Do not push the iron to and fro, but bear heavily on parts that have bagged.

MENDING AND RENOVATING

Tea-Towels. When these develop wear in the middle, treat them as you do sheets and put sides to middle. Frayed edges can be trimmed off and turned in. The good portions of two bad towels can often be combined to make one sound one.

Pillow-Cases. Torn, hemstitched frills should be taken off. They can be replaced with a narrow lace or an embroidery edging. Thin patches in the body of the case can be dealt with by dropping in soft lace *motifs*.

Table-Cloths. If these cannot be patched or scaled down to make breakfast-cloths, use the worst part for tea-towels and the best for tray-cloths, table-mats bound and decorated with bias binding, and plain, hemmed table-napkins.

Worn Elbows. Shining and bagging elbows which refuse to yield to treatment call for cutting the sleeve short above the elbow. Thinness at the elbow or underarm should be anticipated and strengthened by laying two thicknesses of net inside the worn part and darning it over on the wrong side with invisible stitches.

Patching. The conventional way to apply a patch is by hand, but in fact the work is neater, stronger and flatter if done by machine.

Curtain into Apron. Old cretonne curtains cut up into bright working aprons. Old felt hats provide the material for good bedroom slippers. Odd lengths of fur fabric make cosy mitts for yourself or the children.

Woollies. Ribbed edges are always the first to go on knitted garments. These should be unravelled and reknitted. The easiest way to unravel is to pick up one stitch and pull the thread right through as far as possible. The work will then unravel with perfect ease. Wind into skeins, wash and re-knit.

Silk Dresses. If the top is worn beyond reclaiming, an old silk dress makes a good petticoat-slip to wear under silk dresses. Cut the bodice right off and set the top of the skirt into a neat waistband.

Woolly Jumpers. The vogue for two-colour effects lends itself to the alliance of two old jumpers.

A back and front of contrasting wools, or a collar and sleeves of different colour from the body, can be arrived at by unpicking two old woollies and utilising the good wool of both for the new garment.

In reshaping or altering jumpers, do not be afraid to cut them. A double row of machine stitching will secure the cut edges quite sufficiently to prevent laddering.

In The Home

To Clean Papier Mâché. Trays and utensils of papier mâché that have become stained and dirty should be washed quickly in warm—not hot—soapy water. Dry very thoroughly and polish at once with a good wax polish.

Cleaning Cork-Lino Mats. When these have become stained and discoloured rub over the surface with a damp pumice-stone until all marks have disappeared. Wash over in the usual way.

Worn Pails and Washing-Bowls. Holes in pails and bowls can be covered fairly satisfactorily by dropping hot sealing-wax on to each side of the hole and pressing it down flat to the surface with a damp finger.

To Soften Leather. Boys' boots and, particularly, men's Service boots that are uncomfortably stiff should be rubbed over with castor oil. Give plenty of time for the leather to absorb the oil before polishing, which will be difficult until the oil is quite absorbed.

Preparing Glue. Break the glue into fragments with a hammer. Put into a stone jar and cover with cold water. Stand until the next day. Place the stone jar in an old saucepan partly filled with water, and keep the water boiling for two or three hours. Stir frequently. Fresh glue sticks better than stale.

Uses for Tea-Leaves. Tea-leaves, infused again with boiling water and strained, give a weak solution which is good for polishing mirrors, windows and glasses. Tea-leaves boiled up in the saucepan or pan that fish has been cooked in will remove the smell.

Screws. When you insert screws, make the job easier by smearing just a little grease on the screw first. This makes it go in easier and, what is more, makes it come out more easily when required. If you have difficulty in removing a nail or screw that has rusted in, drop a spot of warm paraffin on to it, and after a few minutes it will move fairly easily.

Shovels. When these develop ragged edges, cut off the worn edge with a hammer and chisel and smooth the new edge with a large file.

HANDYMAN HINTS

Cushions and Pillows. These become lumpy and thin after much use. Unpick the outer cover and fluff out the kapok or feather interior with the fingers. Add more stuffing if necessary. Wash the case and refill.

Lamp Shades. Parchment or near parchment is best treated with a gum rubber, which can be bought at an artists' dealer's. If this is unobtainable knead a piece of bread into a dough and use this as a rubber.

Silk and satin shades should be gently scrubbed with warm, soapy water and an old soft tooth-brush. Treat very gently, rinse thoroughly in clear, warm water and dry in a warm atmosphere.

Distempering. Distemper is scarce, but a good, coloured substitute can be made as follows. Buy some white distemper or whitewash and add an ordinary dye-powder in the colour required. Mix as instructed, adding more dye-powder to deepen the colour if wanted.

Shrunken Net Curtains. To net curtains that have got too short, add a hem at the top and bottom of coloured art silk cut from an old curtain. A small-patterned chintz also looks attractive.

Torn Lace Curtains. Cut a piece of net slightly larger than the hole. Dip it in cold starch or thick rice water. Wring out and lay flat on to the hole. Press with a hot iron until it sticks.

Indoor Painting. If you are doing some home painting you may be in difficulty as to how much paint is required for the job. Roughly, it is safe to estimate that a quarter pint is sufficient to give a single coat to both sides of an inside door. This gives a working basis.

Piano-Keys. Ivory keys should be polished with whiting and methylated spirit. Finish with a chamois leather and take care not to get polish between the keys.

Spots on Carpets and Rugs. Make a mixture in a saucer of ammonia and methylated spirit in equal parts. Dip a clean rag into this and rub the spots away. Mix only a little of the solution, as it is inflammable, and use sparingly.

Beds. A new mattress is a luxury to be postponed until after the war, but if in the meantime your hair overlay has developed a likeness to the rocky mountains, it is still possible to have it remade at a bedding manufacturer's. The stuffing is expertly cleaned, fluffed out, and restored without the lumps, and the mattress is returned with its former smoothness restored. It is still possible to have new casing, which restores the appearance as well.

DECORATING AND FURNISHING

ARE YOU EXPECTING A BABY . . .

If you are knitting tiny garments, and can afford the coupons, it is an idea to buy one specialised maternity outfit for the waiting months. The models sketched on this page have all the adroitly planned construction of modern maternity clothes, trimming focused in strategic places, soft fulness where it is most becoming, the adjustability of wrap-over skirts and ample pleats that widen gradually with the figure. They come in various colours, in either silk or woollen with short or long sleeves.

1. Tunic and skirt trimmed with fine pleating, a detachable contrast collar and bow. £7 8 6. With long sleeves, £7 17 3 9 coupons for satinback crepe or moss crepe, £8 14 for fine woollen. Treasure Cot.

2. A flattering honeycombed yoke at front and back holds in much body fulness. The waist has also front honeycombing, and a loose half-belt at back, to tie as you will. Two front pockets are decorative and useful. £9 9 0 and nine coupons in artificial crepe ; £10 10 0 and thirteen coupons in wool. Lilla.

3. This Utility dress in lightweight wool has a wrap-over skirt, and expands beneath the pin-tucked front. £3 0 0 and 11 coupons. Treasure Cot.

4. The much-favoured smock, front buttoning, with a high, trim neckline, fulness springing from honeycombing, full sleeves. £5 10 0 and nine coupons ; with short sleeves, £4 17 6, seven coupons. In silk, from £2 16 6. Five coupons for long sleeves, four for short. Also available in cotton. Lilla.

5. Expanding pleats coming from below each shoulder, a loosely tying belt, take care of figure changes. In woollen, £13 13 0 and 13 coupons. £10 10 0 in silk, and nine coupons. Lilla.

These prices obtained at the time of going to press, but they may be changed

CLOTHES THAT HAVE LONG LIVES

6. Red woollen shirt-waister, trimmed with bows and stitched pin-tucks. £10 6 8. Marshall and Snelgrove.

7. Woollen Utility dress, in a large range of colours, built on shirt-waist lines, with light contrast trims at neck, breast and hip, and three crisp metal rings and hook fastenings. £3 0 0. Marshall and Snelgrove.

8. Shirt-waist Utility dress, with a new, rounded, yoked shoulder line, full bishop sleeves, white detachable trubenised collar and cuffs. All colours. £3 0 0. Fenwick's.

9. Half-lined woollen coat dress, buttoning through, tailored on slimming lines. All sizes and colours. £12 12 0. Walpole's.

10. Tailored suit in flecked woollen, with a long wrist-length jacket moulded to the waist, and good seaming detail. In various colours. £12 12 0. Walpole's.

DRESS:

By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Department

Be Careful It's

Jealousy

Among the heart troubles which are the peculiar legacies of war this one may be described almost as a scourge.

It attacks people of all ages and of all dispositions. It grows from small beginnings and is known to develop symptoms of permanent incapacity for the heart.

A special feature of jealousy is that it is promoted and fed by separation. It is frequently based upon nothing more substantial than imagination and fattens upon trivial incidents which often bear no allusion to reality.

Wives who are incapacitated should remember that, in relation to other women, they hold, whatever panic may suggest to the contrary, nearly all the aces. Men are fundamentally creatures of habit even if their loyalty is open to doubt, which, in actual fact, it infrequently is.

At the same time, sympathy and toleration are fundamentals of happy marriage, and the hazards of war are not confined to the sphere of physical combat. Strength and patience and, above all, faith, are required to combat the disease of jealousy.

The woman who is tortured by suspicions of her man should remember that the same uncertainties are his lot as well, and that, even if her fears are founded in fact, the only strategic policy with hopes is one induced by generosity and love.

Short Leaves

These are a common source of heart trouble in times of war and for the following reasons:

Young men on leave are quite understandably infected with the philosophy that life is short and very uncertain, and that whatever you do, the important thing is to have a good time while the having is good.

It is no part of this diagnosis to contest the wisdom of this philosophy, but the fact remains that the primrose path of short leaves is thickly strewn with pitfalls.

First of all, it is as well frankly to concede that decorations for valour are a strong stimulant to glamour. The young man's attractiveness, too, is enhanced by his uncertainty. Moreover, he is almost infallibly a fast worker because it is either this or being posted as a deserter. Last and by no means least, money is no object, because short leaves are so very short and there is a long time for remembering.

This should be enough to convince you of the need to keep your head and your heart, even if it were not for the fact that men nearly always keep theirs. In any case, the things a man says and does when he is on short leave are apt to look pretty silly when he finds himself in Libya.

Q.E.D. Keep your emotions on a short lead and reserve your sympathies, or a reasonable part of them, until the ring is on your finger.

Independence

This is a condition relating almost exclusively to married women, which has become more widespread as a direct consequence of the war. It has dangerous implications, although it need give no cause for anxiety if kept under control.

Serious developments may be anticipated when women who have newly contracted a condition of independence find themselves wondering how they sustained life without it.

Inflated ideas of their own abilities are followed by lofty, but illusory, detachment from those gentler ties which mainly consist in regarding a husband as a dear protector and indispensable shield.

Hallucinations of freedom and self-reliance follow. As personal income increases, respect for the husband's influence—not to say of his opinions—declines. Needless to say, the subject of these convictions is labouring under a delusion.

Under common-sense restraint, independence stimulates intelligence, broadens the experience and reacts to the benefit of all concerned; but independence which develops self-interest and threatens the marriage partners' self-respect is bad strategy, and the total of its depredations is loneliness, however the immediate prospects may dazzle.

Independence allowed to go to the head is known to have serious consequences for the heart.

Loneliness

This is likely to affect the heart in wartime and shows a marked tendency to disturb the equilibrium of the most self-controlled, particularly those to whom the symptoms are new and who have no knowledge of their severity.

The first effects are to send the afflicted into a nervous panic, accompanied by general lowering of the spirits, wherein all kinds of palliatives are sought. Some of these are helpful, though many of them prove, later, to have disturbing reactions upon the heart, which is known to be vulnerable at these times.

Quack remedies are numerous and freely dispensed by people who frequently act with the most genuine convictions as to their efficacy.

Masculine exponents of the healing technique should, in most cases, be regarded with suspicion, always admitting, of course, that some enjoy the most convincing powers of relief. These should not be confused with genuine cures, which lie chiefly within the powers of self-healing.

Wives and sweethearts whose husbands are away at the war and others suddenly and violently separated from their known environment, are the most susceptible to the dangerous after-effects of quack remedies for loneliness.

The sound and safe corrective is in frequent and liberal doses of useful occupation, of which there is no scarcity whatsoever in these times, aided by the conviction that, though dispiriting, loneliness is not in itself a dangerous, nor even a persistent, complaint.

Your Heart

The path of war is known to have its primroses, but you are here reminded that it also has its peculiar hazards for the heart

Platonic Friendships

These give rise to a condition somewhat serious inasmuch as it is peculiarly silent in its development. A noticeable feature of the condition is that the susceptible are freely numbered among those who regard themselves as immune.

For example: In the absence of husband or fiancé, you accept the friendly offices of another man as escort for social occasions. Alternatively, you may be yourself unmarried, but sympathetically inclined towards a man you met who is, temporarily, and on account of the war, estranged from his particular feminine influence.

Motives are irreproachable on both sides. You go along to choose birthday presents for his wife; you confide to him how much you miss your husband (though it is questionable whether or not you tell your husband that you are telling him).

The arrangement is convenient and pleasant and very enlightened until one of those pally evenings together when out of sheer gratitude and nothing else he kisses you goodnight. At this point you find that, good friends though you are, you are also man and woman, and that the forces which created you thus are at the old game again.

So, in this case, be careful, because this is your heart and several other people's as well.

Good Times

It is a paradox of war that it brings so much misery and, at the same time, so many opportunities of good times. You, like others, have probably had some of both, enough perhaps to have got your emotional values in a tangle. This is a perfectly natural and human form of reaction, commonly found in an atmosphere of excitement. And danger, when it is hard even for the most clear-thinking to see what it all means and what it all matters.

The implications for your heart in this situation may not be obvious, though they are none the less profound.

The point is that you lose touch with simple, permanent things. You find yourself in spheres to which you are really unaccustomed. These are exciting, flattering spheres.

What you do well to remember is that the people you meet are frequently just as thoroughly out of their native element as you are. The Squadron Leader who is showing you such a good time is perhaps probably enjoying the same temporary elevation as you. The Colonel who still buys you expensive wine for dinner is not necessarily a better proposition than the lance-corporal who quietly loves you, and although this is an unpalatable form of realism, it is the only form which carries with it a reasonable modicum of security for your heart.

A special effort of restraint is called for, in the whirl of good times, to remember that the happiness which is permanent is invariably clothed in simplicity.

Parental Opposition

This is a prevalent and seemingly unyielding type of infection which largely confines its depredations to the young, although the not-so-young are frequently known to be involved.

It flourishes in wartime chiefly in connection with young women who wish to marry young men with whom acquaintance is limited to seven days' leave; also with others engaged in the distracting occupation of being given the run-around by stalwart strangers from overseas with romantic, but indeterminate, backgrounds. It appears also in other connections with similar and easily recognised, though somewhat intractable, features.

It is well known that parental pig-headedness is frequently out of touch with present-day affairs and often biased in favour of imminent disaster. It is also true, though not so obvious to the young who are incommoded by this complaint, that opposition is hardly ever based upon downright vindictiveness, but only upon love. It is also rooted in those fundamental tenets of human conduct designed to promote happiness (and only clearly visible to the more experienced), which have remained practically unchanged since the Stone Age.

Parental opposition is stimulated by shock tactics and alleviated by confidence and patience and by those simple proofs of integrity which, in the right cases, are not hard to discover.

A common meeting-ground between impulsive Youth and disillusioned Age is admittedly sometimes hard to find, but an impulsive policy of resistance on the part of Youth is as unprofitable as bigoted obstruction on the part of Age.

C.H.

By Winifred Lewis

Harmony In One Flat

People who call themselves realists are fond of saying that where you have two women running one home you will also have trouble.

This airy cliché is, thank goodness, disproved by the fact that everywhere women, finding themselves separated by the war from their men, are sharing homes with other women in the same plight and, moreover, finding comfort and companionship and happiness therein.

Nobody seriously believes that the company of a woman is a hundred per cent. substitute for that of a man's, but for women of sense making the best of it is a sound and profitable expedient.

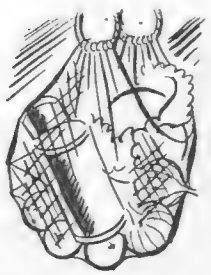
The secret of happy housekeeping with another woman depends on three essentials. The first is selecting your partner intelligently; the second is anticipating and heading off possible sources of dispute; the third is a liberal and frequent application of tolerance and good humour.

Living happily with a woman who doesn't share your interests depends upon your mutual abilities to go your own ways without interference from each other. It does seem essential, however, to share each other's point of view on fundamental things.

Mutual money standards are still more important. It is easier to fall out of step with someone who has less or even more money than yourself than with somebody whose resources and tastes are in the same class as your own.

For instance, if one end of the partnership is used to housekeeping and entertaining on a lavish scale, while the other end models these things on strict economy, there are obvious points of discomfort, if not of actual disagreement.

It is true the more affluent partner may wish to wave these details aside. "I can afford it, I'll pay," she says, but to accept such an arrangement implies the need to accept an unequal distribution of authority. The soundest people are susceptible to the fallacy that he who pays the piper calls the tune.



Money is the biggest single cause of strife known to any kind of partnership. That is why a realistic understanding on the subject of payment down to the cost of the last package of salt is essential.

A pool is probably the best solution for current housekeeping expenses. That is, each partner puts an agreed sum into the pool each week, and if there is any left over, it goes to the floating fund against possible deficiencies.

If you go shopping you take the money you have spent from the fund. If your partner goes shopping, or if either of you meet household expenses from your own purses, the money is refunded in the same way. Record your expenditures in a notebook. This is the tidy way. It leaves nothing to chance.

False pride about bringing money problems into the open and getting right down to tacks is fatal. If one partner nurses a grievance even for ten minutes because she thinks she is paying more than her share, there are the seeds of discontent well planted and ready to be fertilised by every trivial occurrence of the same kind.

A telephone can turn suddenly from a convenient instrument of communication into a perpetual bone of contention, unless there is a cast-iron system of payment which absolutely denies the possibility of either suspecting the other of secret, unpaid calls. These are molehills, perhaps, but they grow. . . .

Furniture is another source of possible trouble.

In most such arrangements, some furniture belonging to each will be brought to the home. This probably means that both may have to live for the rest of the war with furnishing they don't particularly care for or wish to look after. We are all a bit susceptible to the notion that our taste in decoration is 100 per cent., but the true facts are that other people don't always agree, and why should they?

It is not important whether or not you like your partner's taste in furnishing. What *is* worth considering is the fact that the presence of personal possessions in the home is to each person a great source of contentment, so put up with that.

One of the partners may have to get used to a narrow single bed. Few flats are big enough to allow a double bed for each.

A single divan in the sitting-room, if you have one, solves the sleeping problem for one.

The accommodation of clothes and toilet necessities wants a little more thought. In one case the problem was met by utilising the deep sitting-room cupboard.

A long strip of glass fixed inside the cupboard-door serves for a dressing mirror. Shelves running across were cut to run round three sides, leaving a space in the centre for a hanging-rail.

Shelves on one side now hold toilet articles, those on the other take hats, shoes, and so on.

This way the cupboard covers the purpose of wardrobe, dressing-table and chest of drawers, and leaves the sitting-room unblemished by bedroom fittings.

It goes without saying that the harmony of the house will be improved if both have their own tasks, and if these are allotted to conform as far as possible with mutual talents and tastes. If one is a good cook (which probably means that she enjoys cooking), and the other has a sharp nose for shopping, then each should do the work she likes best without too much interference from the other. As to the tasks that both dislike, nothing will suffice but a strictly fifty-fifty share-out and no quitting.

Entertaining friends and husbands depends on generosity and a candid working understanding.

Privacy to entertain personal friends and relatives without responsibility to the other partner is essential, and a special understanding about husbands on leave should be reached at the start.

Short reunions cannot be expected to stand the intrusion of a third party. Their joy depends upon two being alone, tucked between four walls, free to talk and to reconstruct the old happy home atmosphere alone. Both women, in turn, will benefit from a candid and generous understanding that on leaves the privacy of the reunited must be respected.

The whole philosophy of sharing a home is expressed in the simple term "toleration." Bear in mind that the privilege of companionship does not confer the additional privilege upon either party of changing that person's habits and mannerisms in the smallest degree. If either finds that the established ways of the other are disagreeable to the extent of being important at all, then the only inference to be drawn is that the partnership should never have been started anyway.

Quaintnesses From The West Country

(1) Tax on Air and Light. Moreton in Marsh, Gloucestershire, a small Cotswold market town built on the Roman Fosse Way, has unusual architecture bordering it. Ashbrook House, shown in the picture, has three tiers of bay windows; its two other windows were closed up during the Georgian days, when a tax was put on fresh air and light by the impost of the window tax. (2) Scorched Earth 300 Years Ago. The ruined gatehouse of Chipping Campden. In the Civil War Prince Rupert's soldiers fired the great mansion to prevent it falling into the hands of Cromwell's men. It belonged to Sir Baptist Hicks, the first Lord Campden, a famous merchant of Charles Stuart's day. Two lookouts and this relic are all that remain. (3) An Historic Room. The Monmouth Room, the George Inn, Norton St. Philip, near Bath, Somerset. The table was used by the Duke of Monmouth when he stayed at the famous inn on June 26, 1685, just before his defeat at the Battle of Sedgemoor. (4 and 5) Before and After. The construction of a thatched barn. This Cotswold example is at Stanton, Gloucestershire.

Books: *Reviewed by Noel Thompson*

OUR gallant sailors are only ordinary human beings and hate to be looked on as a race apart. That is the message of Gilbert Hackforth-Jones in his book of short stories about the navy, which he has called "One-One-One" (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.). But the more he tries to show they are ordinary, the more, to me, he shows them extraordinary. Readers of "Britannia and Eve" will remember some of his short stories with pleasure and this book will multiply their pleasure. Several stories are about the submarines, several are pre-war, and full of humour. Outstanding to me is "Into Action," more an essay than a story, a vivid description of exactly what happens when a big battleship is steaming to engage the enemy. The reader is taken on a personally conducted tour of the ship. Whether you are nautically-minded or not you will enjoy this book.

C. G. Grey has followed up his successful histories of fighting and bombing aircraft with a natural sequel, "Sea-Flyers" (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.). From the very first flights off water, with plenty of anecdote and incident, he takes the reader up to the present work of Coastal Command, not without some scathing attacks on bone-headed admirals and well-justified moans on our consequent unpreparedness in 1939. The author certainly has the knack of combining interest, information, and criticism with readability.

From modern warfare it is a long way to hark back to the times when Africa was first explored. Margery Perham and J. Simmons describe "African Discovery," as an anthology of exploration and as such it fulfils its purpose admirably. From Bruce in 1768 to Livingstone in 1873 they provide a well-chosen selection from the diaries and writings of the explorers. The authors' own contributions are exceedingly well-judged and the whole idea is well carried out so that the book will whet the reader's appetite.

Bats, rats and a snake which make their unwanted appearance in a locked room; a neurotic and dramatic family; a murder of an old woman, and a nurse who acts as detective, go to make up "Haunted Lady," by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Cassell, 8s.).

There is justifiable mystery about motive and method in this tale, and I confess that I was as much at sea as the police detective until the last minute twist clears the affair up. Nice work, this.

After which it is a joy to come back to anything as material and worldly as Charles Graves's "Londoner's Life" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). This is the wartime private diary of an eminent and exceedingly hard-working journalist and writer. As all private diaries must be, the greatest appeal is to those who know the writer, but there are in this book a wealth of interest generally, plenty of new facts and anecdotes about the famous, and not so famous, and good background covering to much of the news of the war. Charles Graves cannot be dull, with his vast circle of friends, acquaintances and contacts and his wide interests.

Gallant Guerrillas

ONE of the most ghastly indictments of the Nazi system I have ever read is contained in the last few pages of George Sava's latest book, "**The Chetniks of Yugoslavia**" (Faber and Faber, 10s. 6d.). The first part of the book is a delightful description of adventures and travels when the author paid a three months' visit early in 1939. Much of the history of Bulgaria, Serbia and Montenegro is told in the most easily readable style, together with details of the normal life and customs of the Yugoslavs. This provides the clearest picture of the gallant men and women now fighting under General Mihailovitch, and alone would justify the book.

The second part of the book is a first-person narrative by one of the Chetnik leaders, a blood brother of the author, who has been in daily contact with Mihailovitch during the fighting. He reveals how the Germans have a hospital for senior officers only. At this hospital the blood transfusions are taken from child Yugoslavs, kiddies of three and less, who are robbed of their blood and maybe die as a result, a trivial matter so long as the German officers get the pure young blood. It is a ghastly thought, and a fate being suffered by hundreds of young children. Apart from the natural interest of this book, the final horrible revelations should be read by any one who still has the slightest doubt in his mind as to why we are fighting and what we are fighting against.

I WAS rather disappointed in "Traitors' Doom," by John Creasey (John Long, 9s.). Here is a good plot, a good gang of secret service agents, consisting of a huge Russian, a giant English soldier deceptively, a diffident doctor, an actress, a mercurial Frenchman, and a former American G-man. Certainly their adventures in Cantania, neutral state eight miles from Lisbon, are thrilling enough, and the dénouement a wishful bit of writing, but the amount of inaccurate tommy gun and rifle fire on the part of their enemies is excessive. All the same lovers of thrills will have their fill, and the tale is worth telling.

Sir William Barton gives a beautifully modified and clear picture in "India's Fateful Hour" (John Murray, 5s.). He refutes successfully many of the charges made against British imperialism in India and, writing with studied moderation, he pinpoints some of the major problems and outlines their chief difficulties in the ruling of that country. Writing as an expert he makes facts and figures talk a simple language for any one who is genuinely interested in India.

MY one criticism of Dornford Yates's "Period Stuff" (Ward Lock, 8s. 6d.) is that nowhere do Berry and Co. make an appearance. I am sure that delightful gang, if only one of their adventures had been told, would have been welcome. These stories are frankly period stories, dealing with the happy-go-lucky days (*Continued on page* 52)

Two-Tone Cardigan

MATERIALS

5 oz. Sirdar Super Shetland 3-ply in black ; 5 oz. in pink ; a pair of Nos. 9 and 11 needles ; 12 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins. ; length, 20 ins. ; sleeve seam, 19 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

With black wool and No. 11 needles cast on 105 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib, working into the backs of the k. st. and into fronts of the p. st. as usual. When 5 ins. are worked change to No. 9 needles and m. st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 137 sts. Work straight until side seams are 14 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 105 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows, leaving 33 sts. Cast off.

THE BUTTON BAND

Cast on 10 sts. in black with No. 11 needles. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib as in back for 20 ins. Leave on safety-pin until jersey is sewn up. Cast on 10 sts. for buttonhole band and work 2 rows. Now work buttonhole as follows : rib 4 sts. Cast off 2, rib 4. **Next row.**—Rib 4 sts. turn, cast on 2, turn, rib to end. Repeat this buttonhole every 1½ ins. until 20 ins. are worked. Leave on safety-pin.

NECK STRIP

Cast on 10 sts. Work rib pattern for 14 ins.

THE FRONTS (2 alike)

With No. 11 needles cast on 75 sts. in pink. (Continued on page 58)

ABBREVIATIONS

K. knit ; p. purl ; m. make ; s. slip ; sts. stitches ; tog. together ; beg. beginning ; rep. repeat

Husky Sweater

MATERIALS

8 oz. La Laine 4-ply ; a pair of Nos. 9 and 11 needles ; press studs.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.; length, 21 ins.

TENSION

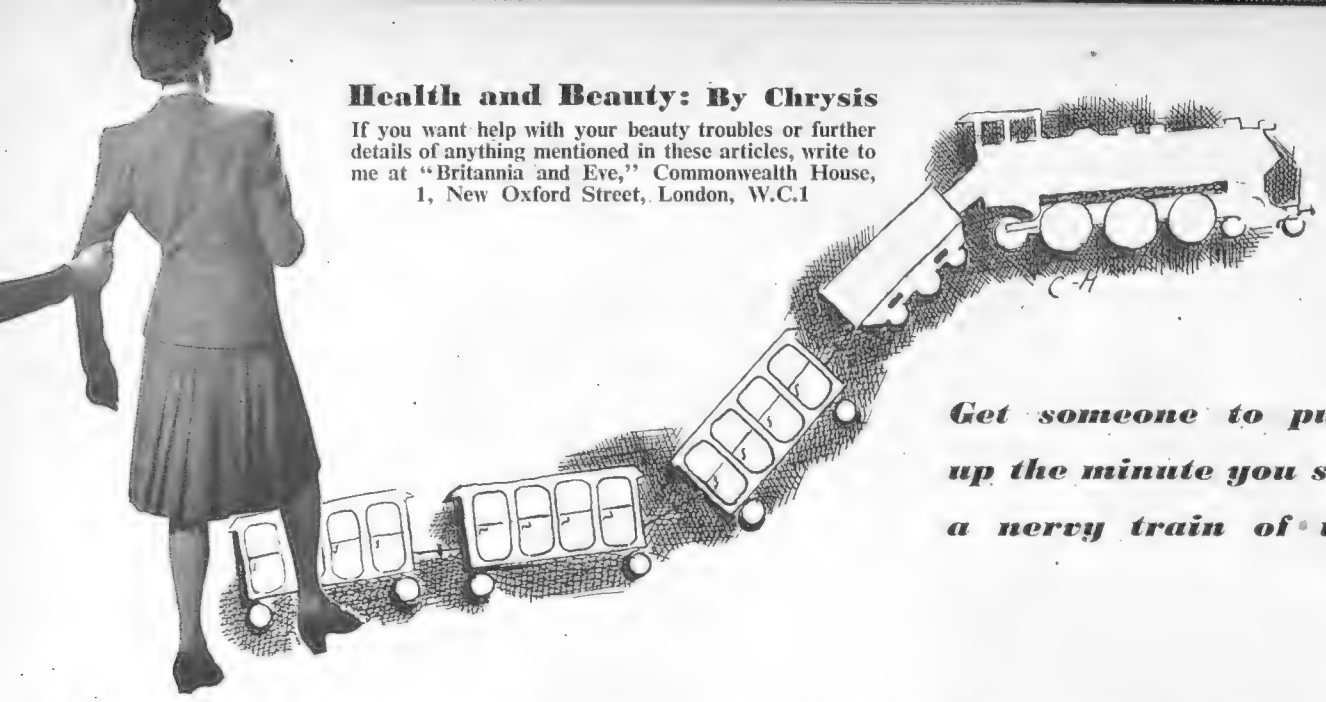
7½ sts. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 112 st. with No. 9 needles. Work as follows :

1st row.—(P. 2, k. 2) for 34 st. (ending p. 2). (Tie a piece of contrast wool into these last 2 p. st. to mark end of rib), then * k. 3, p. 2, k. 3, p. 10 ; rep. from * for 44 st. ending k. 3, then p. 2 (tie a piece of contrast wool into these 2 p. st. to mark start of rib) and * k. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * to end of row ending p. 2. **2nd row.**—(K. 2, p. 2) for 34 st. then * p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 10 ; rep. from * for 44 st., ending p. 3 then * k. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * to end. **3rd row.**—(P. 2, k. 2) for 34 st., then * k. 3, p. twice into next 2 st., k. 3, p. 2 tog., p. 6, p. 2 tog ; rep. from * for 44 st., ending k. 3, then * p. 2, k. 2 to end of row. **4th row.**—(K. 2, p. 2) for 34 st., then * p. 3, k. 4, p. 3, k. 8 ; rep. from * for 44 st., then k. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * to end. **5th row.**—(P. 2, k. 2) for 34 st., then * k. 3, p. twice into next st., p. 2, p. twice into next st., k. 3, p. 2 tog., p. 4, p. 2 tog. ; rep. from * for 44 st., ending k. 3, then * p. 2, k. 2 ; rep. from * to end.

6th row.—(K. 2, p. 2) for 34 st., then * p. 3, k. 6 ; rep. from * for 44 st., then * k. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * to end. **7th row.**—(P. 2, k. 2) for 34 st., then * k. 3, p. twice into next st., p. 4, p. twice into next st., k. 3, p. 2 tog., p. 2, p. 2 tog. ; rep. from * for 44 st., ending k. 3, then * p. 2, k. 2 ; rep. from * to end. **8th row.**—(K. 2, p. 2) for 34 st., then p. 3, k. 8, p. 3, k. 4 ; rep. from * for 44 st., then * k. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * to end. **9th row.**—(P. 2, k. 2) for 34 st., then * k. 3, p. 8, k. 3, p. 4 ; rep. from * for 44 st., then * p. 2, k. 2 ; rep. from * to end. **10th row.**—As 8th. **11th row.**—(P. 2, k. 2) for 34 st., * k. 3, p. 2 tog., p. 4, p. 2 tog., k. 3, p. twice into next st., p. 2, p. twice into next st. ; rep. from * for 44 st., * p. 2, k. 2 ; rep. from * to end. **12th row.**—(K. 2, p. 2) for 34 st., then * p. 3, k. 6 ; rep. from * for 44 st., then * k. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * to end. **13th row.**—* (P. 2, k. 2) for 34 st., then k. 3, p. 2 tog., p. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3, p. twice into next st., p. 4, p. twice into (Continued on page 58)



Health and Beauty: By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

Get someone to pull you up the minute you start on a nervy train of thought

Worry Killed The Don't Let It Make You Ill

The ebb hour for the human body is from three to four a.m. It is then that you suddenly find yourself startlingly awake, in a black world. Without a second's delay your mind begins to dwell on the darkness of life in general.

Perhaps you are not a three a.m. worrier; perhaps you worry before you go to sleep, or when you get up in the morning. Perhaps you find yourself worrying about little things most of the day. Try to check up on your worrying account before it is too late. It is so easy to let your entire nature be ruined, and your general health undermined by being drawn into the nerve-straining habit of worrying about little things.

If you have been a worrier all your life, then it will not signify any unusual mental or physical depression if you find yourself in your normal gloomy frame of mind. But if you can look back to a period when life seemed worth living, when you woke each morning with a zestful stretch and were glad to be alive—and if you are quite the reverse now, you must try to get the reins on yourself.

It is not simple arithmetic to tally up your moods nowadays because it is so easy to blame the war for your nerviness. You are working harder, you have a hundred little pinpricks relative to war conditions, you lack various cheering lift-ups.

You must not let these little things affect your life permanently, and that is what will happen if you give way to gloom. The next time you find yourself worrying about something—if one of the family is late in coming home, or if you want to spend some extra money, if the fish merchant has nothing for to-morrow's lunch—just ask yourself if you would have worried about it ten years ago. If your just conscience answers "No"—then stop worrying immediately.

It is easy to say stop worrying; and—you may reply—not so easy to do. But worrying can become just a bad habit. If you could have someone to pull you up the minute you started on a nervy train of thought you would soon get out of the habit and worry far less each day.

Do you find the noise of children unbearable? Do you hear yourself repeating "Don't do that" to them all the time they are near you? That is a danger signal. Do little mannerisms of your associates become torturing to you after a while? Or have you developed any new nervy mannerisms yourself such as sniffing, coughing unnecessarily, twitching an eyebrow, biting the inside of your cheek or worrying your finger nails and cuticles. These are bright red lights.

If your nerves have gone downhill to such an extent that a mental check, or a polished sense of humour cannot stop them from slipping further and further—be sensible and take more drastic steps.

For a week at least, make certain that you get a good eight hours sleep every night and on one morning sleep as late as you can, ignoring all alarms. Get some vitamin tablets—Complevite or something similar—and take them regularly, these will definitely help you to have greater energy; you will find your daily work less of a grind, you will get it done more quickly, and feel far more cheerful about it.

It is not being a hypochondriac to get your nerves attended to, because nerves are as vital a part of your health as your heart, lungs or other vital organs.

The least that can happen if you neglect your nerves is a marred character, unpopular and depressing to others, and a general blight on the happiness of the family. The worst that can happen is a complete mental breakdown—not such a rare thing really—and something that cannot be easily remedied, perhaps cannot be remedied at all. Or there are some of the great tragedy illnesses—tuberculosis of the lungs, diabetes, insanity. Midway between these extremes come nervous indigestion, asthma, migraine—the procession is depressingly long.

Before you worry your doctor—take the simple treatment of vitamin tablets and plenty of rest for a short while and, most important of all, do not start the vicious circle of worrying about your nerves—think of nerves as something like a cut finger, to be treated, cared for, but not dwelt upon all day.

So do not think you are being fussy and foolish if you treat yourself for a nervy condition, either by taking a tonic, or by consulting with your doctor. Neglected nerves can cause you, and all your loved ones, a lifetime of misery.

Aches and Pains

The cold and damp of winter seasons seem to find the weakest points in the human body and assail them with niggling aches and pains. Neuralgia, all the rheumatic-type pains, chilblains, and earaches, toothaches and headaches are far more prevalent in the icy months than in the summer. Of course the first care is to remedy the cause of the aches and pains and then to alleviate the pains as much as you can. Take aspirin or one of the good sedative drugs if you have the toothache or earache.

If you suffer with colds and chilblains and various other wearying rheumatic-type pains that make your daily round of work a misery, try Dols' impregnated flannel. Worn under the soles of the feet it will keep your feet warm and dry and thus greatly help in the prevention of colds and chilblains. And as for aches round the back and shoulders, you can get the flannel to fit anywhere and it will bring you relief.

You can buy it by the yard and make your own application garment if you like, or you can buy it in various shapes to fit the troublesome parts of the body. This flannel, as well as lessening the pains, does help to remedy the cause, in many instances.

If you would be His Valentine
In Nineteen hundred, fifty nine
Then make this Beauty Routine thine.

hair

Brush morning and night. You can still get good hair tonics occasionally—use them occasionally. Pull out odd dead white hairs and massage a little castor oil into roots. Castor oil is wartime substitute for olive as pre-shampoo hot oil soak—if you cannot endure the odour use vaseline instead but be sure and heat it. Massage the scalp with firm scalp-moving fingers twice a week at least.

eyes

Eye exercises are simple and stave off the in-sinkings of age, the lines and dullness. Bathe eyes every day if work makes them feel hot or gritty—otherwise twice a week will do. Use golden eye ointment on the lash roots at night if there is any sign of eyestrain. Brush lashes with castor oil, but do not get into eyes. Use an eyecream on lids and finger it gently in.

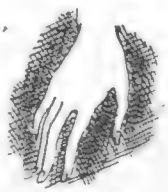
face

Massage a smear of skin food in once a day regularly—and the massage is important; skin food applied and left to work its way in is a waste of good preparation because skin food cannot work its own way in. Use a tonic to tone the skin regularly for a greasy skin, two to three times a week for a dry skin. Use cleansing cream or lotion every night. Never use soap if it makes your skin tight; always rinse with cold water after hot.

neck

Exercises are absolutely essential for necklace lines, parchment effect or double or sagging chins. Massage in skin food daily. Use a reducing cream, if you can get it, for double chin; and slap chins vigorously with back of hands damped with astringent. Sleep with chin-strap or crepe bandage for sagging chins. Cleanse with cream and use crepe bandage for friction wash in mornings. Hold head upright, chin in.

hands & arms

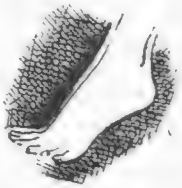


For fat above elbow, or for flabbiness, exercise arms. Use crepe bandage friction wash for upper arms, and massage cream into elbows. Never neglect hands no matter what your work, because once toil worn they are difficult to salvage. Always apply hand lotion during a hand-work lull, before lunch, before tea or dinner and always use a hand cream at night. Vaseline nails.

figure

Exercise for bust uplift once a day and splash with cold water after hot wash or bath to tone. Twist and bend and toe-touch for your waist-line—once you lose your suppleness you are ageing. Stomachs generally overflow after forty—exercise if you value a youthful silhouette. Hips that bulge can be rolled into place if you just lie on the floor and go from side to side, thighs also. Calves must be massaged with upward pull.

feet



Keep one night weekly for a home pedicure. Soak the feet well, pare off corns and do toe-nails. Massage feet if they are tired after standing; hot and cold alternate plunges do wonders to revive circulation and tone up the feet. Insteps should be massaged gently. The flat shoes of war days are giving feet a fair chance to get into good shape again, but if your feet are out of shape exercise toes regularly.

Good health makes for beauty and prolonged youthfulness. Six glasses of water each day between meals will keep eyes sparkling and skin clear. Once a week a good dose—as a purgative—will keep an inner cleanliness; but if you suffer from laziness in this direction you must take definite steps to remedy it. Use a morning saline or medicinal salts and some good preparation to take regularly, gradually lessening the dose as it becomes less necessary. Sleep and rest are essential. Eat wisely. Don't neglect raw vegetable salads even in the winter, they are great vitamin providers. Try to get one stiff walk in the fresh air each day and don't drag to the shops or to work. Step it out and make it a tonic, not a tiresome duty.

By Harriet Muir

VEGETABLE HOT-POT

MUTTON AU CHOU

FISH LAMORNA

Save Fuel Casseroles

But you will say: "Casserole cooking is extravagant in fuel, because I need the oven." It certainly does waste fuel if you put the casserole in the oven, unless you have the oven going, anyway. But you can cook casserole dishes on top of the stove with an asbestos mat on the direct heat which must be kept really low. But unless you are sure, don't risk your casserole. Cook in a pot, the heavier the better, and transfer it to the ovenware dish afterwards. Sometimes the top of the Ideal will be found quite hot enough

FISH LAMORNA

1½ lb. white fish;
1 oz. dripping;
¼ pint household milk;
1 lb. potatoes;
½ pint fish stock (liquid in which fish bones were boiled);
4 carrots;
1½ oz. flour;
Pinch of mixed herbs;
Pepper and salt;
1 scallop or a few mussels (optional).

Having prepared the fish stock, make the fat hot in the pot or casserole and fry the carrots (sliced thinly) for a few minutes. Blend the flour with a little stock and stir in, then slowly add the rest of the stock and the milk to the casserole. Season well and put in the herbs, cooking and stirring for a few minutes. Add the fish (and, if used, the chopped-up scallop or the mussels) and the potatoes (sliced). Cover, and cook slowly till tender. Sprinkle with parsley. Cooking time—about forty minutes.

ROCK SALMON AND CHEESE

1 lb. rock salmon;
1 oz. margarine;
1 oz. flour;
½ pint milk mixed with fish stock;
3 oz. grated cheese;
Salt and pepper.

Clean and cut up the fish, and arrange it in a flattish pan or casserole. Season, and add water, just enough to cover. Put on the lid and cook gently for about three-quarters of an hour, or until fish is done. Strain off the liquid, keeping the fish hot. To make sauce, melt the margarine in a saucepan, add the flour, (stirring well); cook a few minutes, and gradually stir in the fish liquor.

Bring to the boil, add the cheese (reserving a little), and cook for a few minutes more.

Pour this sauce on the fish in the casserole, sprinkle the rest of the cheese over, and brown under the grill.

POT-ROASTING IN THE CASSEROLE

"Pot-roasting" in a generous-sized pan, casserole or iron pot is quite the best way of dealing with a small, tough and oddly-shaped joint. Having once tried it, you will wonder why you hadn't the sense to do it before. The toughest meat melts before it.

A piece of meat weighing 3 lb. to 3½ lb. will take, I find, about two hours to cook.

Either melt about 3 oz. of cooking fat in a frying pan, and give the meat a "searing" on both sides first; or melt your fat in the casserole and put in the meat straight away. (After preliminary searing, the fat is, of course, transferred to the casserole along with the meat.)

Now reduce the heat. It is absolutely essential to avoid a fierce fire; the meat must cook slowly and gently.

Keep the lid on, removing it only to turn or baste the meat occasionally.

About three-quarters of an hour before the end of cooking, put in whatever vegetable you choose—potatoes, turnips, carrots, celery, onions. Put them in dry. I like to cook them whole, turning once or twice.

When meat and vegetables are cooked, remove them, pour off fat into the dripping-bowl, and make gravy in the usual way.

Cheap joints like flank of beef or neck of lamb do well in the pot or casserole roaster. Rabbits or birds can be cooked in the same way; elderly game-birds will pot-roast beautifully.

MUTTON AU CHOU

1 cabbage;
2 lb. neck of mutton;
2 oz. dripping;
2 leeks;
Salt and pepper;
A few capers.

Slice the leeks and fry in the dripping, which you melt in the pot or casserole. Cut up the meat, and add to the leeks. Fry for a few minutes. Shred the cabbage and put into the casserole with a little water (about ½ pint). Season. Put on the lid of the casserole, and simmer gently for about two hours, adding a little sugar at the end of cooking.

VEGETABLE HOT-POT

2 large potatoes or 3 medium ones;
1 onion or leek;
About ¼ swede turnip;
3 carrots;
1 oz. barley;
1 breakfastcupful water;
1 meat cube;
1 teaspoonful chopped parsley;
Salt and pepper.

Peel and cut up the vegetables. Dissolve the meat cube in water and put all ingredients in a good deep pot or casserole. Put on the lid and cook gently for one and a half to two hours.

For Breakfast

POTATO FRITTERS (2 oz. mashed potato, 2 oz. flour, salt, pepper and 1 teaspoon chopped parsley mixed together; beat in 1 reconstituted dried egg and ¼ pint milk and water; dip spoonfuls in hot fat and fry both sides. Chopped bacon can be added to the batter).

FISHCAKES (made with pink canned salmon).

SAVOURY SCRAMBLE (reconstituted dried eggs scrambled and served on toast spread with fish paste).

BACON AND BLACK PUDDING (small portion of bacon for each person, eked out with sliced black pudding which you fry with it).

CHEESE FLODDIES (6 raw potatoes grated, mixed with grated cheese, seasoning and flour to make stiff batter; fry spoonfuls of mixture in dripping).

SAUSAGES AND PRUNES (sweetened stewed prunes are drained and fried in the sausage fat).

SAUSAGE-MEAT CAKES (fried) with fried apple slices.

PILCHARDS ON TOAST (mash pilchards and heat, with a dash of Worcester sauce).

OATMEAL can be used in other ways than for porridge. Dip herrings in it before frying. Roll fishcakes, sausage-meat cakes or skinned sausages in a little milk and then in oatmeal, then fry as usual.

RUNNING BUFFET

There is no reason why that party to celebrate a soldier's leave or any other sociable occasion should not be good, in spite of everything. Here are two fork suppers planned for twelve people. They leave out wildly extravagant foods. It is the drinks which are mainly responsible for the divergence of prices. The plan is to have one main hot dish on the table. A big casserole or tureen is the best way to keep it piping. Also on the table are a variety of snacks and hors d'oeuvre. If you have a number of shredded vegetables or salads, it is a good idea to have a bowl of home-made wartime mayonnaise. Guests can then help themselves. To eat with salads, provide oatcakes or crisp bread spread. Serve black coffee afterwards. And as a hot-me-up, towards the end of the evening, you can produce a big bowl of steaming soup

Simple: Costs About £2

STUFFED BAKED POTATOES

Twelve big potatoes should be enough. They are filling. Cut them in halves lengthwise, scoop out part of the inside and mix with one of the following savoury additions before returning to the shell, scattering with chopped parsley and reheating in oven. (*a*) Sausage meat with a little sauce or gravy, salt and pepper; (*b*) Grated cheese, made mustard and a little milk, scattering a little more cheese on top, salt and pepper; (*c*) Diced Spam, chopped onion and sweet chutney, salt and pepper; (*d*) Flaked cooked fish and anchovy sauce, salt and pepper.

CORN SALAD

Big salad bowl of corn salad with diced beetroot and finely-cut celery or celeriac sticks. Dress with vinegar, pepper, salt and sugar to taste. If you have oil, use that, too.

STUFFED CELERY

Short lengths of celery stuffed with grated cheese beaten to a cream with a little milk and well seasoned—using red pepper, if you have it.

OPEN SANDWICHES

Have two or three plates of these on the table, using as many varied kinds as you can. Here are some suggestions. The basis is fingers of bread cut a little more thickly than for a double sandwich and spread with a little margarine.

(*a*) Chopped prunes moistened with lemon substitute and decorated with tiny strips of cooked bacon; (*b*) Chopped watercress with small strips of Spam, moistened with mayonnaise; (*c*) Grated cheese and chopped pickled walnuts, with piquant sauce to bind; (*d*) Grated cheese, finely chopped parsley or chervil and a little Marmite; (*e*) Fish paste with finely chopped onion and a dash of Worcester sauce; (*f*) Grated raw artichoke with a little mayonnaise.

SPECIAL SAUSAGE ROLLS

1 lb. pastry;	Bottled tomatoes (¼ to ½ lb.);
1 lb. sausage meat (tinned);	Salt and pepper; Worcester sauce.

Chop up the tomatoes and mix thoroughly with the sausage meat, flavouring with a dash of Worcester sauce and adding salt and pepper to taste. Make into long rolls about ½ in. thick. Roll out the pastry and cut it into strips about 3 in. wide. Lay the sausage on these, turn over the strips to make a roll, and cut into baby sausage rolls about 2½ in. long. Bake in a hot oven and serve either hot or cold.

FRUIT SALAD

Have a bowl of fruit salad on the table. A good one is made with a bottle of raspberries and their juice, with fresh sliced apple and a few chopped, stoned dates added. Or try stewed figs mixed with stewed apple rings.

The Drinks 8 quart bottles of beer and 2 bottles of ginger wine. To a half-pint glass of beer is added a small wineglassful of ginger wine. The beer, which might otherwise be cold and cheerless, is laced up so that it is very cheerful indeed.

Grand: Costs About £8

MUSHROOM RISOTTO

1½ lb. rice;	6 oz. grated cheese;
½ lb. mushrooms;	1 onion;
2½ pints vegetable stock;	3 oz. margarine or lard;

Pepper and salt.

Wash, peel and slice the mushrooms, including stalks. Peel and chop the onion. Cook together in the hot fat in a wide, shallow saucepan until onions are "melted" but not browned. Add the rice, and cook fifteen minutes, stirring all the time to prevent burning. Have stock boiling and add gradually. Mix well, and season with salt and pepper. Simmer for about thirty minutes, stirring frequently. Add the cheese and serve in a hot casserole dish or tureen.

COCKTAIL KEBABS

If you can spare the points and can find the right shop, get a tin or glass of prawns. On a cocktail stick spear a slice of ordinary cold cooked sausage, then a slice of gherkin, then a prawn. Provide a bowl of mayonnaise.

LIVER SAUSAGE CANAPÉS

Fingers of bread toasted on one side and spread on the other with liver sausage mashed with a dash of Worcester sauce and lemon substitute with red pepper; the top decorated with matchsticks of raw carrot.

CHICORY SALAD

1 lb. raw chicory cut up with diced beetroot, apple and celery. If liked, have a whisper of garlic round the bowl. Scatter chopped chervil or parsley over and marinade about two hours before serving with a vinaigrette dressing.

CELERY CHEESE BALLS

Mix 1 cup finely chopped celery with 4 oz. grated cheese, adding a little milk to make a smooth paste, with salt and pepper. Don't make it too moist. Form into little balls and roll each in chopped parsley. If you have any red pepper, sprinkle the balls with it. Arrange in a bed of lettuce leaves.

STUFFED PRUNES

Cook prunes until soft, but not broken. Remove the stones and stuff with sausage meat. Bake on a greased dish in the oven, or cook under the grill. Serve hot or cold.

SCALLOP CANAPÉS

Cook 4 or 5 scallops; let them get cold and chop them in small cubes. Dress with wartime mayonnaise and serve on canapés or on lettuce leaves.

The Drinks Serve a cocktail (gin and Dubonnet, iced, stirred, but not shaken, or gin and Votrix, iced and shaken). Provide 2 bottles gin and 2 bottles Dubonnet, with lime juice for those who like to continue with gin and lime. Also a bottle of whisky and siphons. Also 1 dozen bottles lager. (Warning. Dubonnet is very difficult to get.)

It is a fact that war conditions are making children more self-reliant. It is also a fact that children are enjoying their new responsibilities.

Many mothers are finding that if little children are encouraged to save work everybody is in credit and if the older ones can be coerced to take on constructive tasks around the home they gain a sense of importance and lay the general foundations of some useful accomplishments.

Make your children permanent little run-abouts and they will resent it, but give them a sense of responsibility; let them feel their importance as co-operative members of your household, and savour their wholehearted appreciation.

Teach children to be tidy, to fetch and carry as far as possible for themselves because it helps you and makes everybody more comfortable and they will, after some practice and a few failures, begin to do it automatically and to take a pride in it.

The nagging technique doesn't help. If self-help is a new innovation in your house, give it a good start by sitting down to a family conference. Take the children into your confidence. Tell them you need their help. Make it their war job and they will love it if they work in a good-humoured atmosphere.

Children fall easily into a routine. If they are given certain tasks to do at a certain time and are conscious of the justice of the scheme, they take to it like ducks to water.

Try out your small girl on simple darning and mending tasks. Teach them to make beds, tidy their cupboards and to take a pride and interest in keeping their own room and their own clothes neat and clean. You will find they can do work like sorting the laundry, arranging the flowers, doing the shopping and simple jobs of cooking and do them well if you don't fuss and supervise while they are on the job. Responsibility appeals to every child, if it *is* responsibility and not just another task for which somebody else enjoys the credit.

This is the time, too, to explode the theory that boys should, by virtue of some form of dignity, be shielded from household tasks.

If there are boys and girls in the family, it simply isn't fair that the girls should have all the chores. Moreover it isn't sense. A boy can tidy the bathroom and wash round the bath, he can keep his own room neat, and make his own bed as well as any girl, probably better.

If he is mechanical—and what boy isn't?—let him try out simple house repair jobs. Ask him to mend a fuse, or put a new hinge on the coal cellar door. Invite him to learn something about cooking, because every good soldier knows how to tackle these things when an emergency arises.

Don't make the mistake of putting all the harder and grimmer tasks on the boys. Never let them feel they are being exploited or that they are merely doing the tasks you don't enjoy doing yourself.

Sweeping and dusting isn't beneath the dignity of any child if it is not beneath your own. Learning is fun if the lesson takes the right form.

Tasks with a direct bearing upon the war can be a matter of price and a grand source of interest. Collecting salvage from house to house is a thrill for boys. Girls love to make and mend if others are invited to join them in working parties at which old things are made into new. Collecting appeals to all children. Rubber, scrap metal, waste paper and all salvage can take the place of those other collections of stamps and birds' eggs.

You can never exhaust their young energies in these tasks if you give them a start and put enthusiasm on the right road.

L. K.

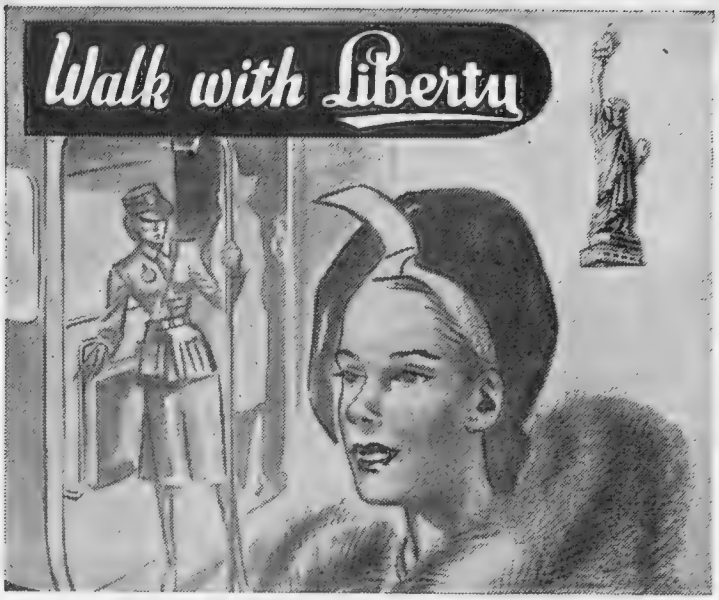
Mother's Help

As a mother, one of the sharper blows of this war is perhaps the knowledge that your daughter, now in Forces or factory, is no longer dependent upon you for those motherly services which, in the past, were such a comfort to you both. But though your daughter needs you differently, she needs you just the same.

You were always good friends because you shared the same background. You saw her problems, you met her friends. Now these are a little remote. But she needs your understanding, your confidence, and your toleration, just as much.

Look after her civvy clothes. Press and mend them so that she has something nice to wear when she is on leave. Keep an eye open for her favourite cosmetics. She hasn't the time to do it. She probably doesn't need big parcels of food; occasional delicacies of your especial blend will keep you for ever in her heart. Send her news of her scattered friends. Tell her what goes on in her old haunts.

Finally, keep your head and your sense of humour about her boy-friends. Don't suspect the new one just because he is *new. She is meeting all sorts of men but you won't protect her from the undesirable ones by intolerance. Keep her confidence if you want to keep her safe.*



Let the bus go. With Liberty Shoes on your feet, you need not wait. Comfort-giving, ankle-supporting Liberty will get you there quicker and you will enjoy the walking. People will notice your smart, exclusively designed shoes as well as the graceful carriage that comes from perfectly shod feet. The difficulties of war-time affect Liberty delivery, but you do not have to wait very long. You can Walk with Liberty tax free in the new Liberty Utility Shoes.

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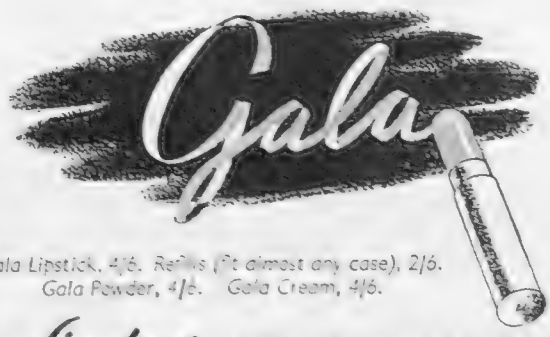
Liberty SHOES LTD. LEICESTER

B.E.3

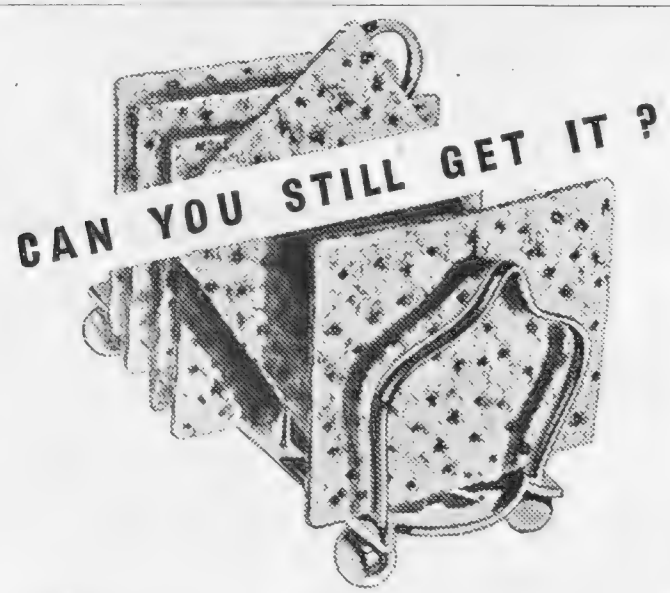
CHARACTER

A WOMAN'S LIPS are a key to her character, and to-day lips have a firmer and more resolute line, for they shape words of command, laugh at danger, and with a smile suppress weariness and pain. A little lipstick gives added character to the mouth and added self-confidence to the wearer. It is for this reason that the makers of Gala continue to manufacture this famous lipstick and suggest that its use in moderation is an asset to our wartime morale.



Gala Lipstick, 4/6. Refills (fit almost any case), 2/6.
Gala Powder, 4/6. Gala Cream, 4/6.

THE Liveliest LIPSTICK IN TOWN



YES... If you live in the southern half of the country between Norfolk in the east and Cardiganshire in the west, your grocer still has Peek Frean's Vita-Weat, the delicious Crispbread made from the harvest of rich English wheat-fields. There's that grand whole-wheat flavour and loads of fitness vitamins in every crunchy mouthful... But to save transport, Vita-Weat has had to give up travelling to the north, so to its many friends up there Vita-Weat is just one of those good things that will come back again with Victory.

Vita-Weat REGD. PEEK FREAN'S CRISPBREAD

PACKETS 1/6 · LOOSE 1/4 lb.
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Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 24*)

and he sent them straight to the *Fancy*, where the booty of the previous victim lay already piled on the deck.

Next the passengers were dealt with.

The hatches were opened and they came pouring up, an impressive stream of humanity of every social class, poor pilgrims dressed in rags, and rajahs glittering with jewels, their turbans adorned with festoons of pearls and osprey feathers. There were endless lines of Indian ladies of high rank wearing costumes which represented fortunes; their handmaidens and servants seemed no less richly arrayed.

THE gorgeous captives were lined up, while sarcastic comments were passed upon them by the pirates who by now were surrounding the Indian ship on all sides. On the deck, 400 of the 800 passengers submitted like terrified lambs to a mere dozen ruffians. Baskets, chests and sheets were brought forward and spread out to be filled, and the brutal spoliation began. Elaborate headdresses were snatched off, regardless of the hair to which they were attached, diamonds were torn from nostrils and ears, bracelets, necklaces and trinkets of every sort were piled up to be sorted out later. Not content with the jewellery, the pirates started undressing their victims. The younger and more beautiful of the women were singled out and purposely left naked, despite the protests of their menfolk, who were helpless under the menace of pistols and cutlasses.

A fresh ordeal awaited the richer travellers, who were now tortured to make them confess whether they had any hidden treasure aboard. When this was over wine was brought up, and an orgy that defies description took place before the pillaged ship was allowed to go free.

The huge booty had now been transferred to the *Fancy*; and as Long Ben was being rowed away from the ship's side he looked up again at the Arabic lettering in gold: Ganj-i-Sawai—meaning Property of the Great Mogul. He was wondering why he had waited so long before acknowledging that honesty was nothing but the consolation of fools.

Now he could boast of having attained a haul worthy of Drake or Morgan. . . .

The division of the loot amongst the crews brought on what amounted to a fresh battle. Two ships only had taken part in the victory and demanded the lion's share; but the others did not agree to this, so pandemonium broke out. It ended with the forcible ejection of the dissentient captains and crews from the *Fancy*, where the bulk of the booty remained Long Ben as their leader had a double share. He was a rich man now, especially as he had bought many precious stones from the men who preferred their reward in coin.

Fresh trouble arose when the two plundered ships returned to Surat to tell their tale to the governor. Their money was gone; prominent people had been brutally maltreated and robbed; harems had been defiled; there were numbers of dead and wounded—and the pirates were scattered by now over the Indian Ocean, beyond pursuit. As a consequence the buildings of the East India Company were seized in reprisal and their officials arrested. Mobs stoned the houses of British business men when the bloodcurdling details of the event became known.

In England the story assumed almost legendary proportions and the name of Long Ben became associated with the noose that was waiting for him. Long Ben himself knew this too well. He knew also that the Governor of Surat, financed by the wealthy and vengeful victims, would organise a ceaseless hunt for him. So he decided to call a halt to his pirate activities, sell the bagful of diamonds which he wore round his neck under his shirt, and settle down among honest people.

Dressed as a gentleman he reached Boston, but the Yankees were suspicious of his efforts to dispose of the stones. He left hurriedly and bought a sloop which he equipped for the voyage to Europe.

One day a certain Mr. Bridgeman, spotlessly attired, landed from his sloop on a lonely part of the north of Ireland. He paid all the port dues and declared himself to be a business man. Often thereafter he was to be seen in commercial centres, listening with amazement to the tales of that arch-devil Long Ben the Pirate, who had so mysteriously disappeared from the seas.

END

The Shibboleth of Von Eisenbaum

(*Continued from page 32*)

You said 'defth,' as all Germans must do—and your day's work is done."

Von Eisenbaum shrugged his shoulders.

"One day too soon," he grumbled.

"*Yes*—just one! And, precisely, how did you intend to kill that great gentleman you came here to kill?"

"Thank you for not saying 'murder,'" von Eisenbaum retorted, "but I must decline to say."

Frobisher swilled his whisky in his glass.

"All of us have remarked the smell of ozone in this place, to-night," he softly retorted. "Perhaps—since that statement appears to have crumpled you somewhat—I might theorise. Ozone can be compressed to a blue-black fluid, looking exactly like ink. Kept in a fused quartz container, having a pin-hole access to air and complete immunity from dust, that liquid is safe.

"Presumably you are carrying some in that natty little semi-transparent fountain pen of yours. In that stylo you ought to have enough to kill half a dozen men, von Eisenbaum! It is decidedly unsafe if acted upon by a needle in a certain way. If, for instance, one were to attempt to write with that pen, the moment pressure arose from the fine needle point of it, the whole caboodle would explode.

"And liquefied ozone, holding the eternal strife of three molecules of oxygen where only two should be, is more terrible than high explosive." He terminated, grimly.

After a silence von Eisenbaum spoke.

"You have everything correct. The man I was sent to liquidate," he laughed, terribly, "can never resist the warmth of a crowd. You simply can't stop him, for example, from signing autographs. It would have been so easy to have passed that pen to some yammering munition girl, clinging to the running board of his car——"

"The palaver," Frobisher solemnly said, "is ended." He looked at his enemy and his eyes were moist. "Von Eisenbaum," he muttered, "this might come to me, someday."

"*So!*" The German bowed agreement.

"Therefore I—I go outside my duty. The night is clean. The garden is dark and quiet. The hangman's noose is a ghastly thing. Perhaps you would care to accept a parole of—of a few minutes' duration?"

Out came von Eisenbaum's hands, touching those of Frobisher warmly. His face filled with all the fanatical joy of his creed. One might have imagined him being offered the gift of life instead of the advantage of speedier death.

"Frobisher," he gasped, "I am infinitely grateful! I have done my duty, as I see it. As you say, the night is clean." He took out a white card and the fountain pen. "I accept parole. For I must have time to—to write my epitaph." He clicked his heels and saluted. "*Heil Hitler . . . Sieg heil!*"

A FEW moments later the curious sound of a whip-like explosion frightened away that little bat which had long trembled above the suckling river, beneath great stars.

END

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THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

STATE EXPRESS 555

For over half a century STATE EXPRESS 555 have maintained their reputation as the world's finest cigarettes.

Good-bye Glamour (*Continued from page 29*)

was scared stiff—but fascinated. So she went through the long sequence, and at the end declared that she felt sure there was not a whole bone left in her aching carcass. But she knew how to do the conga; so it was all worth while.

Her next, and latest, film, *Flight For Freedom*, finds her as a world-famous aviatrix engaged in flying adventures that are one long thrill. She spends most of this picture wearing dirty, greasy overalls, with black smears of oil or grease all over her face and hands. Being one of those females who like to do a thing well, if she does it at all, Miss Russell has turned herself into a real-life plane mechanic. I was in the studio when she was tinkering with the motor of her huge plane, which was held in a special mount on the largest stage at R-K-O.

She had a wrench in her hand, and was tightening certain nuts. Suddenly she said: "This isn't the right wrench. It fits, but it doesn't give the right twist. It just isn't right; and any flyer—well, any plane mechanic, then—would hand us a large raspberry if he saw the picture. He'd say, and truly, that it was just another movie boner."

Now, no director likes to hear anything about a "movie boner." So Lothar Mendes turned to his technical expert, asking what about it? "She's dead right," said the technical man with a grin. "And she ought to be—because I taught her."

On the Columbia lot not long ago I saw a strange little figure scooting along clad in what appeared to be a pair of very short shorts, and a bath towel that scarcely reached her knees. Her hair was all bunched up, anyhow, and her face was covered with blobs of thick white cold cream. She looked a mess. Only as she turned to rush into the shelter of Stage 3 was I able to grasp the fact that the strange little figure was Jean Arthur, hard at work getting herself all de-glamourised in her latest film: *Merry-Go-Round*, in which Fred MacMurray helps her through a lot of fun.

Then there is the case of lovely Lana Turner, now making a picture called *Nothing Ventured* with Robert Young as her co-star. Now everybody who has seen her on or off the screen knows that Lana is lovely. But wait until you can watch the soda fountain scenes in this film. Lana becomes—for what reason I have no notion—a soda jerker. She is working very hard, but not very skilfully, behind the gleaming counter of a soda fountain, complete with all the fixings down to the last sundae dish.

Then a fight develops; and it grows faster and more furious as the seconds dart along. Things are flying from every direction; ice cream is hurtling through space, and soda taps are squirting up and down and in and out like crazy. Poor Lana takes the beating of her life, in the shape of ice cream, whipped cream, and assorted fruit juices, all thrown at her—to stick. Talk about the good old custard-pie days! Even Charlie Chaplin never faced anything so tough as this.

With the present shortage of actors in Hollywood (and it is growing worse daily, with men going into the armed Forces from every studio) stories are being written to give women stars the kind of roles men once played. Which seems to indicate that glamour will be pushed further and further into the background—for the duration!

END

Books (*Continued from page 42*)

of peace. Inspector Falcon neatly solves by typical Scotland Yard pertinacity some tricky problems. Romance romps through the other stories which make eminently light and pleasant reading and always end happily. Period stuff this may be, but it is a vintage period.

There could not be a more suitable title than **"Two Selfish People,"** by Norah James (Cassell, 7s. 6d.). The book is a study in the selfishness of a girl, from youth to almost pathetic old age in a hotel in Brighton without friends. Her partner is her brother but his selfishness is less apparent and less detailed as well as less harmful. There is a trueness to life about the whole book which matches the clever characterisation and descriptions.

No one imagines it is fun being the wife of a fighter pilot. Esther Terry Wright dots the i's and crosses the t's of many of the snags in **"Pilot's Wife's Tale"** (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.). Her Canadian husband was shot down and badly burned so that her efforts to be near her temporarily blinded husband involved tours from hospital to hospital, miserable searches for rooms, and fights with the medical authorities and red tape generally. Unfortunately she has a tendency to get incomprehensible at times. Here is an example—not divorced from any context. I still cannot understand it. "She told me an amusing story of how she had heard bells one night and had hurried with her dog to a shelter and sat trembling in her gas mask watching the little dog suffocate. And, after all, it had been a gun signal, and so they both lived."

I have left to the end as good a collection of mixed reading and pictures as you could wish for, to be found in **"The 1943 Saturday Book,"** edited by Leonard Russell (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.). In this you will find articles or stories by, among others, Bernard Darwin (on foot races), Sean O'Casey, William Shirer, John Steinbeck, Alexander Werth (on the Blitz on the City), and a personal story of how he was shot down by the one-armed fighter ace, Squadron Leader Maclachlan, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar, in which he reveals how he went for a solo flight in Malta only fifteen days after having his arm amputated. This is just the book for an evening when you feel you want to pick and choose, and it is rich in good things.

END

"Making up" is not easy in wartime

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Use carefully—like all good things it's scarce.

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The Nation's Food Supply

(*Continued from page 20*)

sheaf, fallen or single grapes and ungathered olives. Even the oxen had a share of the harvest for the Jewish law forbade the muzzling of the oxen that trod the corn.

The Egyptians realised the value of large granaries—a fact that has given us one of the most beautiful stories in the world, that of Joseph's forethought in storing grain against the years of famine, which saved Egypt and reunited him to his brethren and aged father.

Neither the Greeks nor the Romans left their food supply to individual benefactors, but appointed corn magistrates to supervise its distribution and to fix prices so that the poor had a chance to live and profiteers could not thrive. It was due to these city fathers that Athens could proudly boast "that no citizen died of hunger, nor ever did a beggar dishonour their streets."

Ration books are no new burden invented to confuse the grocer and harass the housekeeper, for in the days of Claudius Cæsar "victualling tickets" were issued and given to the poor, who exchanged them for corn or bread.

In England little official help seems to have been given to the common people during times of want. Harvests were frequently lost through storms or frost, by the scarcity of labourers during times of plague or pestilence, and by civil wars and invasions. We are given a horrible insight into the condition of the poor due to the invasion of the Normans, for (*Continued on page 54*)

UNDER THE MASTER HAND

In the matter of a good Vermouth it is not the country of origin that has the first word or the quality of the ingredients that has the last. There is also—and added to these—the controlling artistry of the blending that gives character. In its skilful combination of white wine and aromatic herbs, Votrix — created under a master hand — offers a special quality of Vermouth: British in origin, individual in character; worthy of the fine traditions of its antecedents.

VOTRIX VERMOUTH

is produced at the Vine Products vintnery in Surrey, but owing to the unavoidable wartime restriction of supplies you may often find it difficult to obtain. Votrix "Dry," bottle size 6/9, Votrix "Sweet," bottle size 6/3.

What's the secret? The secret is knitting wool. It's not always easy to get but it *is* the best coupon value because it is almost everlasting. Did you realise that the *oldest* wool knits up like new . . . if you know how to set about it.

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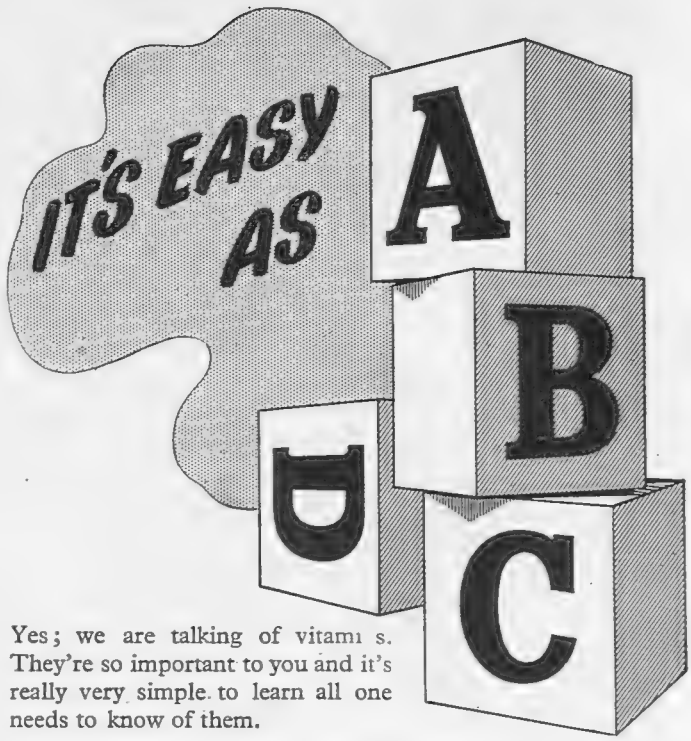
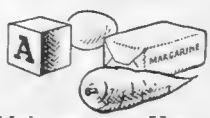


Yes; we are talking of vitamins. They're so important to you and it's really very simple to learn all one needs to know of them.

The Government planned from the beginning that the nation should not lack these vital food substances, so your rations provide most of your vitamin requirement. (Don't forget cod liver oil and fruit juices for Baby). But there's one vitamin that you have to look after for yourself, because it is mostly in unrationed food. This is Vitamin C, and we get it mainly from fresh green vegetables.

HERE IS YOUR 'VITAMIN A·B C.'

Why not give it a few minutes' thought, then cut it out and keep it for reference :—



Vitamin A helps to keep healthy the lining of nose, throat and lungs and to lessen liability to colds. Also keeps certain tissues of the eyes in good trim.

Main sources : Your rations of butter and margarine. Also fish liver oil. Dried or fresh eggs. Carrots; green vegetables. Milk.

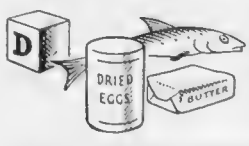
Vitamin B. The vitamins popularly known as B1 and B2 cover many substances, but it is not necessary to learn the complicated details. Together they promote sound digestive systems, steady nerves, prevent fatigue.

Main sources of B1 and B2 : National bread and flour. Dried or fresh eggs. Dried peas and beans. Oatmeal. Bacon. Milk.

Vitamin C gives clear skin, fresh complexion, good teeth. Does much towards establishing general good health and buoyant vitality.

Main sources ; Parsley, brussels sprouts, spinach, cabbage, watercress, cauliflower. Rose-hips, blackcurrants, orange juice.

Vitamin C is lessened by cooking; destroyed by long cooking or re-heating. So besides two or three tablespoonfuls daily of lightly cooked green vegetable, eat a good helping of mixed salad — "something green and raw every day". Swedes and turnips are good sources of Vitamin C. Freshly cooked jacket potatoes are very useful. You need three or four of these every day, besides having left-overs fried for breakfast and in made-up dishes, to make up your quota of "at least 1 lb. of potatoes per head per day."



Vitamin D needed for strong bones and sound teeth. Helps to keep chilblains away!

Main sources : Your ration of butter and margarine. Fish liver oil. Herrings and other oily fish. Dried or fresh eggs. Milk.

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Thirdly, it is a Lotion which is prepared, not in the factory, not even in the home, but in the completely aseptic conditions of the laboratory.

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Fifthly, it is a Lotion that can safely be used for eyes of all ages, at all times, whatever their state of health or sickness.

Sixthly, it is a Lotion that your eyes can go on using, however frequently or copiously it is applied.

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ALSO IN BLACK, & DARK BROWN.

USE SPARINGLY—THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

N/HV

in 1069 we read that they so laid waste the land lying between Durham and York that they were obliged to "eat Horses, Cattes, and Dogges and Man's Flesh, for there was nobody to till the land for a space of nine years."

Food hoarders, like the poor, have always been with us. In 1234 there was "a great Frost that lasted until Candlemass so that many people died for want of victualls, the Rich being so bewitched with avarice that they would yield them no relief."

In 1391, after two years of famine, when the harvest of nuts, apples and plums, pears, etc., had come and many people had died of flux through eating too much, Adam Baume, then mayor of London, had large quantities of corn brought from overseas to feed the starving citizens. So much was brought into the country that at last the "country sufficed the city and the city sufficed the country." To their honour the mayor and citizens of London also took from the Orphan's chest in the Guildhall, 2,000 marks to buy corn, and the Aldermen each gave twenty pounds—a large sum in those days—to add to the store, so that the poor might be fed until the "fieldes yeelded pleantiful encrease, and so the price of corne began to decrease."

END

The Nation's Food Supply

Boarding Party (*Continued from page 27*

nervous huddle, but the German had his eyes on the skipper of the *Kentucky*.

"Captain Turner," growled the American, returning the salute.

Wohlheim flourished his revolver with impatience.

"I regret this intrusion, captain," he said, in harsh, careful English, "but it is my duty to warn you that I shall sink your ship in fifteen minutes. But, first, the passenger list."

A lanky young officer handed it over to his skipper who frowned as he passed it to Wohlheim. The German ran his eye down it quickly without paying much attention to the names. He had noted, as expected, that Bloch was not included.

"You have a Professor Bloch aboard," he grunted. "I shall have to examine your passengers." He jerked his head arrogantly at the little knot of civilians and walked slowly towards them, toying carelessly with the revolver. He had not noticed that a squat figure in an Ulster had disengaged itself from the others. The Frenchman had felt his heart turning over as soon as he saw the Nazi skipper step on to the deck of the *Kentucky*.

THEN something happened as if a film had suddenly been clicked off, and the actors were frozen. The passengers, mostly refugees sailing under assumed names and with papers forged by easy-going French officials, stood as if hypnotised, as the Nazi advanced towards them with the automatic twirling carelessly in his palm. Then Captain Wohlheim seemed also to be nailed in his tracks. His mouth hung open stupidly, and his whole frame seemed to have slumped. He was staring at a slightly built dark-haired woman who wore a beige Angora scarf muffled at her throat. She, too, was apparently in a daze. Even Klaus, usually a mass of nervous energy, was too surprised to move for a moment. Then he stepped forward and gave a stiff salute.

"Shall I question the passengers and search the cabins, Herr Kapitan?" he rasped in German.

Wohlheim looked at him from unseeing eyes.

"*Ja*," he muttered. "Do what you will, Leutnant."

Klaus threw a look over his shoulder. The kapitan was still standing there as if he had had a stroke, but the woman had covered her face in her hands, and her shoulders were shaking. With an impatient shrug the leutnant handed over the visas and passports and hurried below. He had a good memory for faces and the Frenchman in that photograph was certainly not among the other passengers. Probably skulking in his cabin. He took a small rubber truncheon from his pocket and moved forward like a cat.

A few minutes later he came running across the deck with a thick stack of papers under his arm. The kapitan was still standing there, gazing at the dark young woman. She seemed to have recovered herself and was staring back at him with a funny smile on her face. Wohlheim, his long arms gangling at his side, looked like nothing but an awkward circus giant whose description is being shouted at a crowd by the "barker." His mouth still hung loose and he seemed to be sagging.

"Professor Bloch is dead," said Klaus. "He shot himself before I got to the cabin. But I've collected most of his papers."

Wohlheim looked at him stupidly. He nodded but made no other movement.

Klaus could see that every one on deck was staring at the kapitan.

"Bloch is dead," he said brusquely, handing the papers to one of the German ratings. "I await further orders."

Wohlheim turned wearily towards him.

"Good," he said mechanically. "We sink this ship in ten minutes."

"Thank you for your hospitality, captain," he growled. "Open boats in a sea like this, and hundreds of miles from land!"

The German did not bother to reply. Klaus was smiling now.

"Shall I take a picture, Herr kapitan?" he asked, removing the camera from its case.

Wohlheim turned on him with an oath. His hand shot out and the camera crashed on to the deck. The crew and passengers looked on in amazement, but the dark young woman was at the deck-rail staring into the sea. Klaus shrugged, but his lips had tightened. He and the ratings followed their captain down the rope. For a brief instant he looked up at the silent figure on the deck-rail, but she was like a statue—withdrawn.

From the submarine he watched the scene that had become familiar to him these last three years. The small boats were quickly crowded. Klaus had a strange smile on his face as he studied his wrist watch. "One more minute, Herr Kapitan," he murmured.

Wohlheim picked up his glasses and swept the boats. The deck gun was already trained on the target. The men behind the torpedo tubes were laughing and making jokes. They knew nothing of what had passed on the freighter. All it meant was that another enemy ship was going to the bottom in a few seconds; and that would bring a medal and, more important, a few days leave when they got back to base.

The *Kentucky* was a sitting duck and the torpedo hit her amidships.

"*Gutt*," said Klaus, but there was a hardness in his voice. He slipped the empty camera-case from his left shoulder. Wohlheim was slowly lowering his glasses when a long hysterical laugh came from the direction of the sinking freighter.

"Our friends seem amused," said the leutnant with a smile.

Wohlheim's mouth tightened into a thin line. He took a deep breath and seemed about to say something. But he turned away. That laugh, that terrible laugh . . .

It was getting dark and the decks were awash. The *Lutzen* dived, the engines picked up and she cruised on her way—for a while, at least. Wohlheim was soon in his cabin, finishing a bottle of Scotch which they had brought off the *Kentucky*. He puffed mechanically at his pipe, but his mind was many miles away from a submarine in the Atlantic.

HE thought of the dark-haired woman with the scarf at her throat, and again he heard that hysterical laugh. Into his mind's eye strange, vivid pictures were jostling each other. He saw his little villa in the suburbs of Hamburg. With (*Continued on page 56*)

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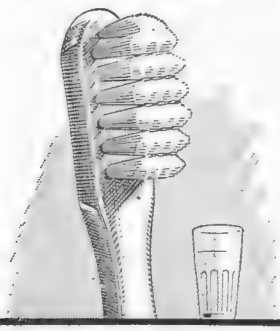

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How have they done that?

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painful clarity he remembered the Gestapo official who had summoned him to the Brown House and pointed out—with the greatest politeness—that an officer in the German naval reserve could not possibly have a Jewish wife. The Admiralty could make good use of him. And there would be no difficulty about divorcing a non-Aryan woman.

It had not been easy to talk to Veronica about the interview, but she had understood quickly. "You could not give up the sea, Erich," she said quietly. "And the war that is coming will give you a great opportunity. I shall not spoil things for you."

She was gone next day—he had no idea where—probably to her aunt in Wien. That was in June, 1937, and he hadn't seen her until that terrible moment on the *Kentucky*.

Klaus came in silently and gave his stiff salute. Noting a faint arrogance in the young man's manner he felt a sudden fear. What if Klaus should spread the story of his astonishing behaviour on the freighter? It would not sound well in Berlin, particularly since he had failed to bring the professor back. His throat went dry, but he tried to look unconcerned.

"Bring me another bottle of that whisky," he barked, waving a hand at the curtain.

Klaus bowed and clicked his heels. There was no mistaking that tight little smile. He would make trouble when they got back to base. But why should they . . .?

He was huddled over a chart when the leutnant came in with the whisky. He poured himself a generous three-fingers and stuffed his pipe. With eager strokes he tried to trace the course that the survivors from the *Kentucky* might take. His sea-worn face, chalky white like that of all submarine men, took on a new glow as he made a small circle on the chart. That was where American patrol vessels were most active he knew, and if the boats could reach it they would be safe. He made a swift calculation. Just over two hundred miles and Veronica would be rescued—if the sea and wind behaved.

HE gulped down the whisky in his glass and went into the control room. Klaus saluted smartly but his face was hostile. Wohlheim made a rapid routine inspection and went back to his whisky. He could not rid himself of an uneasy feeling that there would be trouble when he reported at base.

He spent more than an hour with his maps and charts, drank half a bottle of whisky, and then summoned Muller, his navigation wizard. The latter heard his instructions without emotion, though he must have been surprised. The officers had understood that this was to be a short cruise before returning to Lorient or La Pallice for refuelling and overhaul.

Wohlheim, drowsy but oddly satisfied, was turning in when Klaus came in.

"Excuse me, Herr Kapitan," he said quietly, but with that odd hint of arrogance. "We seem to have changed course." He coughed delicately. "Are there any further instructions?"

Wohlheim turned slowly. The leutnant's bony face looked sinister in the half light, but he stood correctly at attention.

"No further orders," snapped the captain, while a warning inner voice urged caution. "As a matter of fact, Hans, I did not mention this earlier, but we are ordered to put in at Jordana and await further instructions."

He stopped and looked at the young man through his eyelids. If he expected Klaus to betray emotion, he was mistaken, and the cunning use of the Christian name seemed to have had no softening influence. Klaus stood like a statue before he twitched into a slight bow like a puppet, and backed out.

Wohlheim got into his bunk, but could not sleep. His body ached with fatigue, and strange fancies swirled in his head. It would be risky putting into Jordana, and they would have to run the gauntlet of British and

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Boarding Party

American destoyer and aircraft patrols. But it was worth the risk. The captain had friends in Jordana. When he and his crew went ashore it might be possible to hide out for a while and then get over into Brazil. He would give himself up and be interned, but the war would not last for ever. Some day he would find his wife; there would be so much to say, so much to forgive. Then he heard that hysterical laughter again and crossed himself with a rapid flick of his fingers. He had not made that gesture for many years.

He was awakened by a terrific crash, and the submarine began to clang like a cracked bell. Wohlheim jumped out with an oath. Depth charge! The next one was closer still. The sound gear warned them that plenty of searchers were on the surface. The captain barked orders, and his crew followed them mechanically but with faces grown tense.

A terrific explosion to starboard was followed by three more to port. The *Lutzen* rattled hard. A white-faced sailor reported that fumes were coming out of the main battery. Wohlheim's knuckles showed white as he inspected the damage.

He ordered a dead stop. The depth gauges had gone. The engines were turned off and only the generator for lighting was kept going. But that terrible clanging did not stop.

Several hours later the men were almost asleep on their feet, dropping, but with that pinched look of strain clamped on every face. Wohlheim had some oxygen let in. It revived them for a while, and food was served. "The last supper," someone muttered, and there was a little titter as nerves tried to relax. Wohlheim put a warning finger to his lips when the crew began to eat. It was almost eerie to see knives and forks picking up food cautiously, soundlessly.

Then more ashcans, a regular battery, showered down through the water. The loud clanging of the submarine, following each explosion, sounded deafening after the artificial silence of the last few hours. There was a sudden terrifying quiet. Then Klaus leapt forward, his eyes blazing. He pointed a gloved finger at the captain.

"Here is the murderer!" he screamed. "Here is the man who changed course so as to drown us. Take us up, men!" He almost choked. The crew drew back as if to keep out of the scene, to isolate themselves from something that their minds had not had time to digest. "I order you to arrest this enemy of the Reich!" He was grinning now, crazy with fear and excitement. He swaggered up to the captain. "That Jewess on the freighter has driven you mad, Herr Kapitan!" he shouted, "but Berlin shall hear of it. Berlin!" he repeated, his voice high with passion.

Wohlheim looked at him for a moment. Then his fist shot out and sank into the other's face, squarely between the eyes. Klaus went back with a crash, upsetting the table.

On the surface two men on an American destroyer exchanged a satisfied look. Staccato words passed and hands moved swiftly.

"Asdic contact." "Hydrophone, sir." A button was pressed. Depth-charge crew at the ready. A stubby nicotined thumb pressed the button that meant "Fire." Cans of high explosive shot into the sea to blast the raider from its lair. . . .

SEVERAL weeks later a tired-looking woman with dark hair was reading of the loss of the submarine *Lutzen*, announced by the Nazis and reported with a few more details by a correspondent in Berne. There were no survivors.

She placed the clipping in an album, crammed with old papers and photographs. She took a second look at a picture of a house with a nice-looking garden before putting the album away. Then she dabbed at her mouth again, smoothed back her hair and ran for the subway.

It wouldn't do to be late at the delicatessen store. There were few enough jobs for German refugees.

END

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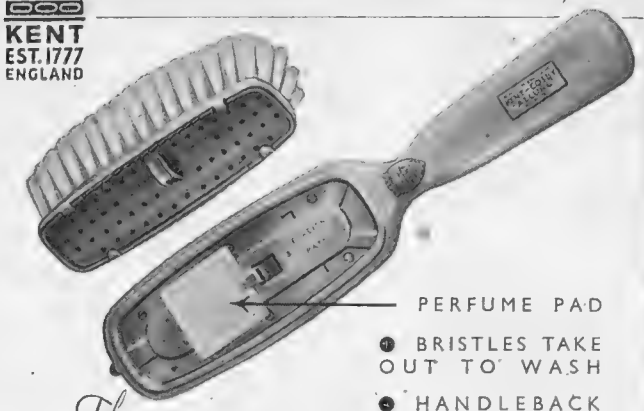

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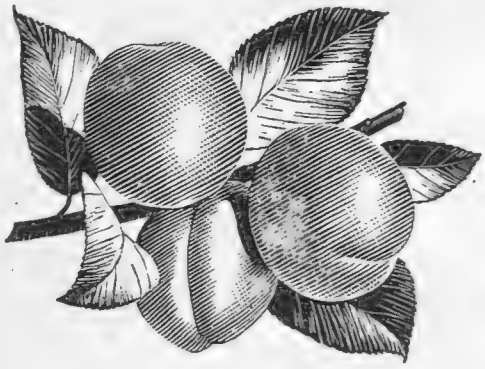


Ripe for St. Martin's

ONLY among botanists will you hear the apricot referred to by this official title. Year after year, we at St. Martin's transform thousands of tons of Apricots into St. Martin's Apricot Jam—and you all know just how delicious *that* is.

Unfortunately, there is not sufficient St. Martin's Apricot Jam available to meet the demand—indeed, none of the St. Martin's varieties are as plentiful as you would wish.

And so, despite the best efforts on the part of our distributors and our dealers, the utmost we can do is to try and make sure that everybody gets a fair share.

St Martin's Jam

ON WAR TIME STANDARD—BUT
Still Unique in Quality

Makers of the famous "Chunky" Marmalade

St. Martin Preserving Co., Ltd.

Maidenhead, Ely, Horsted Keynes and Benton.

What bliss! There they all are — Mr. Punch, Judy, and Toby in his wide collar.

Let us take our eyes from the Show and look at the enraptured audience. Let us think of the days when peace will be restored to them. And not only to them — to us too.

Victory will bring our peacetime pleasures back again — and the leisure to enjoy them.

The post-war Standard car will play its part in all . . . But now — away with dreams and visions. *On with the war.* On with the fight — until the Victory shall be won!

The Standard Motor Company Limited, Coventry

Two-Tone Cardigan

(*Continued from page* 43)

Work k. 1, p. 1 rib, working into back of k. sts. and into fronts of p. sts. as usual, until there are 5 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and m. 1 st. at] one edge of work only on next and every 4th row until there are 16 increases (91 sts.). Work straight until side seams are 14 ins. K. 2 tog. on shaped edge on every row until there are 60 sts. Work straight until armholes are 6 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 sts. at straight edge. K. 2 tog. at this edge on every row until there are 48 sts. Work a few rows to make armhole 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 sts. at outside edge on every other row.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

With No. 11 needles and pink, cast on 24 sts. in pink, then 32 in black. Work the rib pattern, using black wool for black sts. and pink for pink and twisting wools at change to avoid a gap. When 3 ins. are worked change to No. 9 needles and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 88 sts. Work straight until side seams are 19 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 36 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE-UP

Note. Shoulders at back do not correspond with front. Sew them up, ignoring this. Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew button strips and neck strip. Cast off button strips. Sew in sleeves, easing across shoulders. Sew on buttons.

LARGER SIZES

One oz. more of each colour is needed.

36-ins. bust.

BACK

Cast on 113 sts. instead of 105 and increase to 145 instead of 137. Reduce to 105 for shoulders and finish as 34 size.

FRONTS

Cast on 79 sts. instead of 75. Increase to 95 instead of 91. Reduce to 48 at shoulders and finish as 34 size.

SLEEVES

Cast on 28 sts. in pink and 36 in black and increase to 96 sts. Have 44 sts. to cast off at end.

38-ins. size

Use No. 10 needles instead of No. 11 and No. 8 instead of No. 9 and work as 36 size.

Husky Sweater

(*Continued from page* 43)

next st.; rep. from * for 44 sts. then * p. 2, k. 2; repeat from * to end. **14th row.**—(K. 2, p. 2) for 34 sts., then * p. 3, k. 4, p. 3, k. 8; rep. from * for 44 sts., then * k. 2, p. 2; rep. from * to end. **15th row.**—* (P. 2, k. 2) for 34 sts., then k. 3, p. 2 tog., p. 2 tog, k. 3, p. twice into next st., p. 6, p. twice into next st.; rep. from * for 44 sts., then * p. 2, k. 2; rep. from * to end. **16th row.**—* (K. 2, p. 2) for 34 sts., then * p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 10; rep. from * for 44 sts., then * k. 2, p. 2 to end of row.

Rep. these 16 rows until 5 ins. are worked. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 144 sts. (still keeping pattern on centre 44 sts. and increasing the number of rib sts.). Now work straight until side seams are 14 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 112 sts. again. Now divide for opening by working straight on half the sts. until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Now cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows, leaving 40 sts. Cast off. Work other side to correspond.

THE FRONT

Work as back until armhole decreasing is finished, then do not divide, but work straight until armholes are 6½ ins. round curve. Now work 41 sts. Cast off 30, work 41. Continue on these 41 sts. and k. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 36 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of every other row at armhole edge 6 times. Work other side the same. Sew up shoulder seams. Pick up 100 sts. round neck with No. 11 needles and work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 3½ ins. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 62 sts. Work as back, only having 26 sts. at centre for pattern instead of 44 and

18 sts. each end for rib, and thus not rep. pattern more than once. When 3 ins. are worked, m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 88 sts. Work straight until side seams are 18 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 40 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE-UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, easing at top of shoulders for a distance of 4 ins. Sew in press studs.

LARGER SIZES

1 oz. more wool is needed.

36-ins. bust

BACK

Cast on 120 sts. Work as 34 size having 38 sts. in rib instead of 34 at beg. and end of row. Increase to 152 sts. instead of 144. Reduce to 112 sts. for shoulders and continue as 34 size.

FRONT

Make same alterations as back.

SLEEVES

Cast on 70 sts. instead of 62 and have 22 sts. at each end of row for rib. Increase to 96 sts. instead of 88. Have 48 sts. instead of 40 and cast off at end.

38-ins. bust

Work as 36, using No. 8 needles for No. 9, and No. 10 for No. 11.

END

The Wisest in the Wilds

(*Continued from page* 25)

Equally cunning is the fox in its method of hunting, and an instance that will live long in my memory is that of a summer's evening when I saw a dog fox enter a field in which were a number of guinea-fowl. At first the birds were disturbed at the fox's presence and gave evidence of intending to take flight. But Reynard began turning somersaults, and by other playful antics attracted the guinea-fowls' interest. Continuing his acrobatics he gradually got nearer and nearer to his now inquisitive audience. Suddenly, whilst at the very height of his frolic, he leapt to his feet, seized the nearest bird and made for cover like a flash.

END

Be Merry

(*Continued from page* 16)

doing well out of the war, and uniformed men on leave or stationed in town. I sowed my night-club oats young and nowadays my idea of pleasure after midnight is either bed and a book, or sleep.

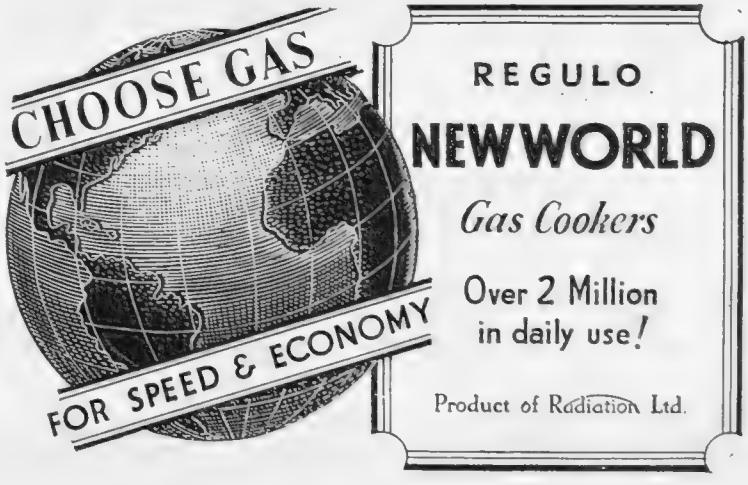
An American theatrical critic I met told me he got more fun out of a round of our night spots than he had managed to extract from the wartime crop of plays either in New York or London. "Of course, all entertainment now is escapist," he said, "and that's bad for the theatre." He said that outside the girls in burlesque, vaudeville and the strip-tease shows, there's nothing to see in New York except Saroyan's *Hello Out There*. In London he found *Flare Path* the most popular show, but he rated it a bit of light magazine fiction. He liked best *Lifeline*, a play about the merchant fleet, hard-bitten, vigorous, true to life—too true to life, because the public preferred other plays. "Well, that's the wartime public!"

Still, the theatre is only a tiny part of the national entertainment programme.

The American film manufacturing industry, which mainly feeds the 7,000 British cinemas, last year spent £54,000,000 on production in its ninety-three Hollywood and forty-three New York dream factories. This is a sixfold increase since 1921, and the highest expenditure touched so far.

But figures relating to money, production, quantities, don't tell the whole story or constitute a trustworthy yardstick. A top-price seat in a theatre may be 12s. 6d. to 15s.; at a West End cinema 10s. and in a village cinema 3d. A thousand pounds clocked up at the turnstiles of the legitimate theatre, the picture house, the dog-race track, the football stadium, does not mean the same thing all round in terms of numbers of people, their total spending, the time they devote to each entertainment, the (*Continued on page* 60)

Wherever you live in Great Britain—you'll be right on the map for seasons to come if you choose this Harella utility coat. Brushed wool material, soft as a kitten's coat (such good colours, too!). High revers, clever centre fastening, back pleat for freedom—and Transatlantic peg-top pockets. Cut with that sure mastery that marks all Harella coats and suits—utility or otherwise. This model available in leading fashion stores in February, 90/9d. If in difficulty write to L. Harris Ltd. 243 Regent Street, London, W.1



"It really amazes me, Mrs. Busybee, to see that, in spite of your war work, you manage to keep the home as bright as ever."
"That's easy enough, my dear, 'Mansion' gives the floors and furniture such a bright and lasting shine in next to no time."

The restricted supplies of Floor and Furniture Polish make it essential that every tin of

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must do the work of two. So use your 'Mansion' economically.

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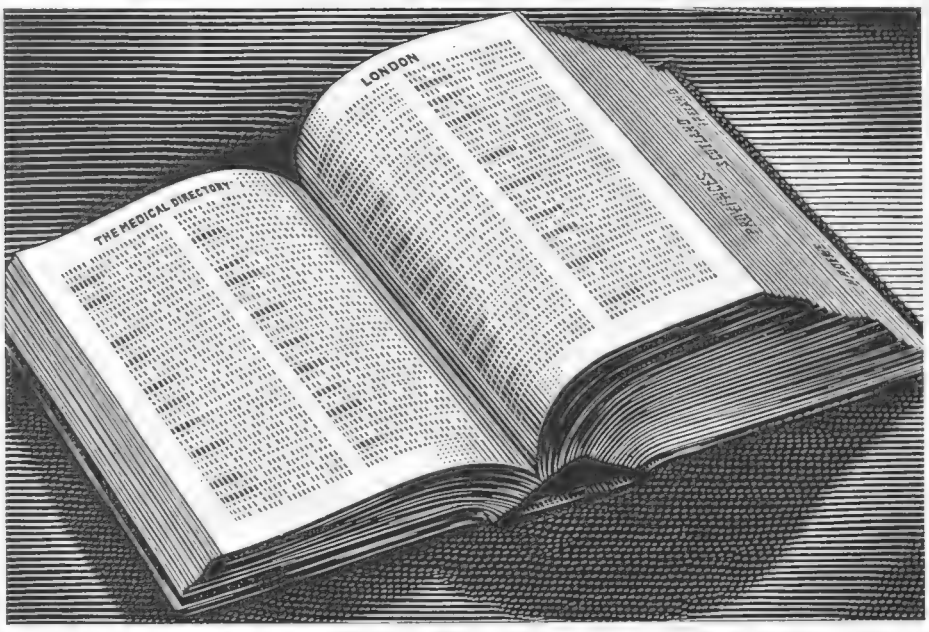

IN THIS BOOK there are the names and qualifications of 52,276 doctors and surgeons in Great Britain and Ireland. It is The Medical Directory, a standard work of reference, which has been published now for nearly a hundred years. And it's a very significant thing that in the consulting rooms or surgeries of nearly all the learned men and women whose names appear in this book you would find, standing on some handy shelf, a bottle of 'Dettol'—more often than not nearly empty.

amount of pleas re they extract, or the duration of that pleasure. Several million people every year spend 10s. on a radio licence—less than the cost of a Savoy dinner, without drinks, but on a time basis, radio tops the cinema, and is to-day the dominant medium of distraction.

Betting escapes statistical measures. On a total money basis, it probably outranks both radio and cinema. It is entangled in so many games and pastimes that it claims its place in the amusement list. Few golfers seem able to enjoy a private match without having money on it, and if you took the money incentive out of bridge the game would join diabolo in the ash-can of passing crazes. The amount of money that passes in high-stake wartime gaming in London is either a joke, a scandal, or an intriguing psychological and pathological phenomenon, depending on your attitude towards gaming.

But high-stake baccarat, roulette, poker and bridge parties, in private rooms and clubs, are shoved into a corner of the national gambling picture by mechanical betting. Slot machines, pinball games and other gambling robots separate the people from their small change in vast quantities, and at high speed.

AT the other end of the entertainment scale is ENSA. Under the drive of the deceptively mild Basil Dean, this amazing organisation has turned entertainment into a public utility service. Laid on all over the country now, the innumerable forces and war factory communities it serves get it as though it were piped, like gas or water, and procurable by turning on a tap. With maximum salaries at £10 a week, and everything done economically, this mass-production entertainment costs £2,000,000 a year. The soldiers pay through their NAAFI contributions, and the Labour Ministry contributes—via the Treasury—£400,000 for its part.

Strange lives the artistes lead, more strenuous than those of the old barnstorming days. One company may give three shows in twenty-four hours to fit the workers' shifts in a war factory working round the clock.

ENSA should have post-war reactions. Through their self-entertainment activities, they have stimulated amateur bands and theatricals. Their music circles—a once-a-week meeting assembled round the records they send out—have enlarged the public for good music. And they are building a post-war theatre public, and reviving vaudeville. Beginning with costume concerts in 1939, they added variety, then revue, then musical shows, and finally straight plays. The latter came last because they found 90 per cent of the people they entertained had been brought up at the movies and had never seen a stage play. The audiences at first didn't understand intervals. Someone had to go out front and call: "It's all right. Don't go away. The play's coming on again." Now they're getting educated, the post-war results should be interesting.

But that goes for entertainment in general. Some of the wartime brand will fade or die, much of it will stay, part of it will develop and grow. We shall return to old things, and start new things.

END

African Mandate

(*Continued from page* 13)

I asked myself: Is commercial progress really the right road for these African natives? Couldn't we have a great change of values—along another line?

South Africans have not yet got the reputation of being noticeably altruistic—where a black man is concerned. There are many notable South Africans, in fact, who have deliberately wrecked their political careers simply because they identified themselves with the natives' cause. There are many South Africans who are, probably, wrecking themselves because they are still fighting along the same "pro-native" lines to-day. But, with the natives long ago relegated to merely fractions (reserves) of the

east territories they once roamed and tilled at will, this property has come into the hands of the white man—and it is almost an impossible task to dispossess him. The outstanding fault is that the harm has been done. As one intelligent trader said to me: "I know it's all wrong to come into another man's land, push him off it—and then make him work for you. But we *have* done it! The question is now: How can we un-do it? Look at the vested interests any "reformer" has to fight—right down to the smallest *veldt* Boer!"

On the other hand, up in "closed" Ovamboland in upper South West Africa—where there had never been any settlers—the South Africans were given a native problem which they could handle from scratch. This was when the Germans in lower South West Africa surrendered all that vast country (bigger than France), to General Botha, in 1915. And what did the South Africans do with it? They have kept, up in Ovamboland, almost a native paradise.

"It may be a native paradise that is passing," the Native Commissioner up there said to me, "but as long as I can preserve it, I will preserve it. *I know the enemies.*"

His last sentence was impressive.

When I was there, there were two Cambridge graduates, missionaries, who, it struck me, could be classed among the real enemies of the Ovambas—although they were both fine, intelligent men, with nothing but the good of the Ovambas in their hearts. Good, as they understood it.

Which brings me to the very core of this article: the wilful placing of the African native on a money economy. These two hard-working, honest Englishmen, were trying to stamp out polygamy in Ovamboland. A man should have only one wife (most headmen had twelve or thirteen). Well, some of the Ovambas were persuaded to accept the one-wife standard. What happened? You could pick out their kraals and wretched plantations at a glance, as you merely trekked or drove through the country. With one wife, when the old couple became feeble, the kraal's stockade or thorn *boma* began to fall down; the weeds marched back into the fields; only the very smallest of crops could be planted—there wasn't the physical strength there, in that family, to till any more land. The family *plunged* into poverty.

Ordinarily, the man would have married more, and younger wives. They would have lived in the kraal (as natives surely do) all as part of one happy family. Thousands of years of traditions, and domestic technique (with nurses for the children, mark you) lay behind them.

"But you don't need a woman to work!" cried the missionaries. "Get a plough."

IN the first place, aside from wondering where he could get the money to get that plough, these single-woman natives were usually so poor that they did not have even the cattle to draw such a plough. Oxen are wealth; and these men were almost beggars. In the second place: How could a farm *for one family* have enough use for a plough.

"But *sell* your crops!" exclaimed the logical white missionaries, "sell them down into South West Africa!"

You see how it works. To break the native out of his secure agriculture, tilled by his women folk—the missionaries would place him upon a "cash crop" economy. Fatal. He would never have another happy day in his life. And a fluctuation of a fraction of a penny in the world price of his products—even a fluctuation in Africa—might, all unknown to him (its whys or wherefores), utterly ruin him. He would be safe no longer.

Verily I say unto you that what most of the missionaries would do in Africa is something that God Himself would fear to attempt. I believe, along such unthinking lines of progress, that what we are bringing to the Africans will mean their eventual ruination.

All this may seem very "backward." It will if you let your first instincts, your uncritical emotions, judge me. But I don't think it will sound so "old-fashioned," if you ponder it a bit. How secure were the lives of forty-four million English and one-hundred and thirty million (*Continued on page* 62)

We are steelmakers and produce the steels from which these and other goods are fabricated. We ourselves do not manufacture the finished articles. Owing to the large demand, we are at present greatly restricted as regards the purposes for which this steel can be supplied.

MIX YOUR HORLICKS WITH WATER ONLY — THE MILK IS ALREADY IN IT

Many people keep their Horlicks to have as a nightcap. It helps to ensure that deep, restful sleep which means abundant energy for the next day's work.

Fortunately, Horlicks makes no demands on the milk supply. The correct way to make a cup of Horlicks is, and always has been, to mix it with *water only*. The milk is already in it.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Our reduced supplies are being distributed as evenly and fairly as possible.

"There must be many women who go on suffering at 'these times' just as I did." If only those who suffer from wretched headaches, severe pain and mental depression, instead of looking upon these things as a natural sequence of their indisposition, would try Cephos, they'd never be without it. Cephos contains no harmful drugs. It is the prescription of an eminent Harley Street physician, a safe and certain remedy. It does not affect the heart. Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form, 1/3 & 3/-.

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African Mandate

Americans—when the world slump began in 1930?

Yet, in commercial progress, we had never known such prosperity.

Being constructive, I would suggest that in facing the problem of British Africa—we do not put the cart before the horse. I think these things :—

1. Strong London, and local, supervision should rigidly limit the extent, particularly the monopoly of all white trading activity: the big London financial combines, also the local trader's store.

2. What has been the practice, and is being impeccably done in Tanganyika—alienate no more land whatever for white settlement. But, if a large area is cleared of, say, tsetse-fly (and two-thirds of Tanganyika is tsetse-fly country, unfit for either white or black man)—*then*, with the consent of a native board, a certain small percentage of this fly-free territory may be handed over to the white man for settlement. After all, he did clear the fly. And you will find natives receptive.

3. All schooling of the natives in Africa—should be for *life in Africa*. We should train more native engineers and mechanics, fewer lawyers. And *not* train for Europe!

4. Fifty per cent of all jobs in the administration should be thrown open to Africans—right to the top. The Gold Coast is already doing that. Its Solicitor-General is an African; so is the chief judge of the Supreme Court. All 123 of the locomotive drivers on the Gold Coast are native Africans. There are 4,000 natives on the staff list, against 850 Europeans. And two native Africans (one an Oxford graduate), have just been appointed Assistant District Commissioners.

5. I would make every aspirant for the African Colonial Service, from England, work at least two years in business, in an office of some sort—so that he would know something of the realities of life.

The Mirage and the Mascot

(*Continued from page* 19)

surrounded a great bunch of multi-coloured carnations on the table. And there were magazines. But there was no frame in russia leather. Nor was there in the white-wood locker by the bedside.

Anthony sank back wearily as the nurse entered. A plump, motherly person with grey hair, she fussed about patting pillows, straightening the bed, arranging things.

"So you have wakened at last? Really, you have been a nuisance, carrying on like this." She brushed back his blond hair.

Anthony grinned and "Ouched!" as his facial muscles appeared to split his scorched skin. "Awfully sorry! But I seem to be all right, now."

"Of course. We'll have the pain out of those burns in no time."

"I'm sure you will," Anthony's cheeks took a slightly deeper tinge.. "Oh, and nurse——"

"Sister, please!"

"Sorry again! Sister! Was I dragged in completely destitute? I don't see any of my belongings."

"You were brought in in pyjamas. And bandages. Later on we will arrange to get your things. Now, rest. Stay quiet. I will bring you in some nice soup."

"Hold the soup, sister, just one moment. I seem to have lost something I value dearly. It's a sort of—sort of mascot. I've had it nearly a year. Foolishly, perhaps, I'm inclined to credit it with magical powers. Brought me luck. Saved me from—from stumbling, and so forth. Was it brought in with me?"

"That tiny ivory elephant on your identity bracelet? Yes. It's here in the locker."

"Good Lord! I'd forgotten that. No! What I've lost is a red leather frame with a——" Anthony began an embarrassed wriggle that stopped rapidly. "A picture of an absolute wizard girl."

BEFORE the war many Fine Chemicals came from overseas: to-day these must all be produced in this country.

The Laboratories which have been producing 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin' are now very largely 'on active service', developing vital Fine Chemicals which otherwise would not be available.

That is the story behind the present inevitable shortage of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin'.

MAKE your blankets last longer by keeping them clean. This will save frequent washing, and help to keep you inside your weekly soap ration!

To keep them clean—don't drop blankets on the floor when you strip or make the beds. Air them well each day, and always keep them covered with a counterpane in the day-time.

Shake them well and frequently to keep them dust-free, and *hang them out-of-doors on a sunny day* to freshen and sweeten.

If you have our "MODERNA" Blankets, they'll last you through the war without shrinking or wearing thin. We are now concentrating on good standard blankets, at Government request, for the duration. After the war, "MODERNA" Blankets will be back in the shops in all their lovely shades and with our famous 3-Way Guarantee.

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How to detect it—
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Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling? That's acid fur, staining and spoiling your teeth; *acid fur*, the hidden enemy which starts decay.

Many things you eat cause acid to form in the mouth and acid fur is the result. To get rid of this acid fur, you must use an antacid toothpaste. 12,000 dentists know that the most effective antacid is 'Milk of Magnesia.' They recommend their patients to use Phillips' Dental Magnesia, the only toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Rid your teeth of acid fur before it ruins them. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and use it night and morning.

Sold everywhere at 1/1d. and 1/10½d. Return empty tubes to the Chemist. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

"Young man, no picture of a girl, wonderful or otherwise, came in with you. But a girl has been in to see you. Twice. She left those flowers."

"Female visitors! Sister, of your charity, preserve me from them. I have a positive horror of being suffocated in my bed under a deluge of tracts."

"She certainly wasn't the sort of young person to distribute tracts. Personally, I think nurses should at least look like nurses, not like film stars in musical-comedy uniforms." Sister sniffed. "When she came in every officer who could walk, hop or crawl, simply cluttered up the corridor."

"Pass the lady on to the clutterers with my compliments. Now, sister, you're certain my treasured picture did not accompany my corpse?"

"It did not. I suppose that's what you've been crying for. Weeping and screaming like a spoilt baby."

"Sister! You prevaricator. I haven't."

"Indeed you have. Fighting to get up to look for it. You even accused doctor of being a burglar. You were going to punch him on the nose. I had to search for a little place amongst your bandages to sit on to keep you down."

"A little place! Sister—surely!"

"One more joke like that, young man, and various privileges an officer in hospital is entitled to will definitely *not* find their way in here."

"The soup, now. That would be a right, not a privilege, sister!"

His temperature chart levelled from a sectional map of the Alps to one of the Chilterns. And the stinging agony went out of his burns. The head wound, although it had knocked him senseless, was superficial. And it was only recovery from the loss of his mascot that was slow and retarded.

On Sunday afternoon sister bustled in.

"You've a visitor."

"Now, sister. The clutterers for her. I warned you."

"It's an American officer."

"One of the chaps who brought me in? Great! He's probably brought it back. Show him in, sister. Quick. I want to see my girl again."

But the black-haired, brown-faced American flying officer whom sister ushered in was a stranger.

"I'm Bart Everall," he said. "Three fellows from my outfit led you out of the wilderness. I've come to see how you are."

"Take a pew. I'm sure sister will bring us some tea. A kind soul, sister. Does anything for me."

"And for the clutterers in the corridor," sister said grimly as she went out.

"But how are you?" Everall asked.

"Fair to middling. Everything more painful than dangerous. Burns, and then the sun, y'know," Anthony said. "It was good of you to come. I have been trying to get in touch with my rescuers. To thank them, of course. But there is something else. I lost a photo in a red leather frame. Sentimental value. I wondered if——"

"This is what you mean, I guess." Everall pulled out the photo of the dark-eyed girl. A corner was scorched and it was crumpled from being so tightly gripped by Anthony on his dreadful march. "Nels found it in his pocket after they had parked you in the dressing station. I happened to see it when they got back to base and volunteered to return it."

"My dear fellow! My heartfelt gratitude. Thanks. Really, I feel my old self again." Anthony reached out eagerly but he did no more than glance at it before pushing it under his pillow. Later, in solitude, he could gloat over it. "I treasure this. So much so that I got this pulling it off my instrument panel."

Everall looked at Anthony's bandaged right arm.

"You got yourself burned up rescuing that picture from your blazing plane?"

"Yes. Lucky mascot, y'know. I— Eh——"

"I think I understand," Everall said. "And then again, I'm damned if I do. But you'll be glad to have (*Continued on page* 64)

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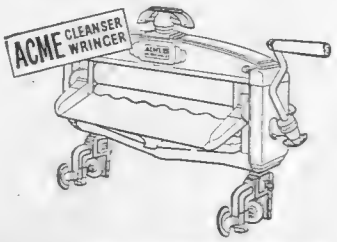

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your wife's picture back in your keeping."

Sister entered and held the door ajar with her ample stern to manœuvre in the tea trolley. She set it ready and said mysteriously: "The clutterers in the corridor certainly are enjoying themselves." Then she went out.

"Clutterers?" Everall asked. "What did she mean?"

"Oh, sister and I have our little jokes. A nice old trout, sister. Even though she has a pash' for rousing one at dawn with a soapy flannel. Will you pour?"

Everall poured out tea.

"I was saying. I expect you're darned glad to get your wife's picture back again."

"Well! Eh— Nice scones, these. What makes you think it is my wife, old chap?"

"You gave the boys the complete low-down on your wedding. Very high-hat affair," Everall smiled. "At St. Margaret's, I think it was."

"I did?"

"Yes, sir! And your description of you and your bride coming out into the snow was so vivid that it made Nels curse more than somewhat."

Anthony, rubbing his head, felt the frame safely under his pillow.

"The fact is, that trip was made in a sort of dream. Or nightmare, rather. Heat, burns, thirst. All very vague. But I do recollect seeing the most enticing mirages. Trees and water. They kept me going. I absolutely strove to reach those marvellous spots."

"And the wedding?"

"Another mirage," Anthony said sadly. "Or perhaps pure delirium."

"But," Everall asked, puzzled. "Who is the girl?"

"A stranger. A complete stranger," Anthony confessed. "Of course I'll meet her one day. *Aprés la guerre.*" He stared up at the ceiling, recovered briskly, and bit heartily into his scone.

"But where did you get it?"

"The picture? Found her in a dug-out. There were two. Blonde and brunette. I tossed up to see which one I should have. The brunette won. She's been with me in my aircraft for months. Got to look upon her as a sort of—a sort of— Another cup of tea?"

"The dug-out was at El Alamein," Everall said. "In that wadi at the back of the drome. It had two bunks of wire-netting. Very snug. I put white stones round a kind of garden outside. Planted some flowers. Weeds. Blue they were."

"Periwinkle," Anthony said slowly. "So you——"

"Yes. When we beat it during the last retreat, our planes went back to Alex. I left most of my kit in the scramble."

The Mirage and the Mascot

"And my fighter squadron came back and took over your drome. And I took over your girls."

"And made mascots of 'em," Everall roared with laughter.

"Only one," Anthony said without laughter He looked up with relief at the interruption and called: "Come in!"

It was sister. She put her head round the door and said:

"I looked in to tell you the clutterers are making a lot of headway. Perhaps you'd better have her in now."

"Who?" Anthony asked, not caring.

"The musical comedy uniform. Short white pleated skirt, dinky little cape, and the sweetest Red Cross you ever saw," sister snorted. "And she's disrupting the hospital."

"Oh, you mean Molly," Everall said. "Gosh! I'd forgotten her. You see," he explained to Anthony, "I had to come in first and sort out this wedding business."

"Molly?" Anthony asked.

"Sure! Pop was A.S.G. in the last war," Everall said. "When I was drafted to Egypt Molly got him to pull plenty strings so she could follow me out in the American Red Cross."

"Did she really?" Anthony asked blankly.

"Yep. She's been in twice to see you while you've been under the weather. Naturally a girl's curious to see the guy she's been married to in St. Margaret's," Everall grinned. "Said from the little she could see of you between the bandages, you seemed quite nice."

"Who?" Anthony asked bewildered.

"Molly. My sister. You've been carrying her picture around——"

"Sister? Sister! What are you standing there like a Cheshire cat for?" Anthony yelled. "Go and drag her away from the clutterers. Quickly! Bring her in. I must explain that I'm much better looking unwrapped."

Sister showed in the dark-eyed girl of the photo. Anthony's "lucky piece!" Everall introduced her. Then he said:

"About those pictures you found. I want the blonde back. She's my fiancée."

"I'll fix it," Anthony said wildly. "I think you're going to be my brother-in-law. So I'll fix it for you. Run and phone my batman. He'll get it out of my kit for you."

"What's his number?" Everall asked.

"Phone all the numbers. That'll keep you occupied," Anthony said without taking his fascinated gaze from the girl. To her he said: "Why! It's wizard! I always thought your eyes were black. They're a wonderful shade of—of violet."

Saint Éve?

(*Continued from page 15*)

exquisite little animal she was! Éve, for her part, treated her authors rough. She would invent her own lines and when the great men vigorously objected, would rap out: "Well, they're more amused at my version!" Her earlier successes included *La Vie Parisienne, La Petite Marquise, Paris Qui Marché, Education de Prince, Le Vieux Marcheur, La Veine,* and *Le Sire de Vergy.* But this brings us only to 1903. Though Éve was nearing forty she looked, dressed and behaved like twenty-five, and indeed claimed to be little more.

Éve had no literary or artistic interests. Good music, painting, architecture, meant nothing to her, and the beautiful first editions crowding her shelves, she sent to the binders, to have their pages cut. Yet time and again this uneducated little dynamo was able to suggest whole scenes, even acts, to dramatists who were "immortals" of the French Academy. She was probably drawing on her own early life, experiences and events of her earlier days.

Éve was at zenith from 1900 until 1914. In years which yet boasted a Granier, a Lender, a Réjane, even a Bernhardt, Éve was the pet of Paris, an irresistible little egotist of flaming faults, but what a great comedienne! In this fast dying Paris of the boulevardier, Éve reached ahead into the post-war world. Her flat in the Champs-Elysées, with its wide marble bath, was an anticipation of Hollywood, as her short hair and trousers foretold the post-war girl. Everything Éve did, everywhere she went, was chronicled, and Éve was never a one to shun publicity. She even carried it once the length of rendering thanks for a clinic cure by attending church in an angelic white robe trimmed with ermine. "She even prays spectacularly," said her critics, who exaggerated Éve's lovers although this was really unnecessary.

YET there was something else behind this toying with religion. Once away from the footlights and applause, Éve was a desperately, lonely and melancholy little being. "She has everything but happiness," it used to be said. Did she drug and was the deep melancholy the usual reaction? According to her best and last friend, Leona, a much younger woman, Éve thrice tried to commit suicide—once after the first night of one of her greatest successes, *Le Roi.* Other famous parts of this later period were in *Miss Helyett, Le Bois Sacré, La Dame de Chez Maxim's, L'Habit Vert, Ane de Buridan,* and *Ma Tante d'Honfleur.* These are all minor classics which Paris has seen again and again since. Along with these comedies, special to the Variétés, Éve

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rarely ceased to sing and take part in revue.

At the height of all this success Éve passed in 1907 under the protection of a rich German banker, Baron "Geo" von Lucius. The event had fundamental importance. Éve used to get an allowance of £40 a month—then worth four times what it is today. Among her friends, she used to ridicule "the imbecile Prussian." Yet she was still publicly linked with him in 1914 when war broke out, and she continued to correspond with the Baron, and to demand her monthly cheque, even after von Lucius had been appointed head of the German Secret Service in Stockholm.

When suspicion first descended on Éve, as a potential German agent, she went to Alfred Capus, the dramatist, who laughed the matter aside. "Take what you can from the German pig and give it to French charity!", But in 1917, Robert de Flers came back from Sweden with more serious advice for his favourite comedienne. The French Embassy there had reported Éve to the Paris *Sûreté*, as being highly suspect. She was, said Flers, instantly to stop getting money from Lucius, and was to break all contact. Letters had been intercepted showing that Lucius wanted to meet Éve in a neutral country.

It was at this precise moment that Éve gave up her part in the operetta *Carminetta*, and left the stage for ever. Was she warned by the police to leave Paris, and to consider herself lucky? The newspapers hinted as much. It was the time of Mata Hari, and the *Matin*, for one, foretold a like fate for Éve!

I stress von Lucius because I cannot help feeling that Éve's "repentance" and subsequent fervent embracing of religion would not have occurred when they did, but for a blending of four circumstances: the suspicion of espionage, her neurotic state, her failing health, and her horror at showing age publicly. Anyway, an absolute demoralised Éve fastened on to a twenty-three years old Belgian lass of no education, and took her away on an Odyssey which was to last twelve years. This was Leona. The two women first took a small château in Touraine where the local priest, the Abbé Chasteignier, diagnosed the case by giving his new parishioner a *Life of Mary Magdalene*. Éve had begun by ragging this rough and earthly old *curé*; she finished by ascribing her "conversion" and final exaltation to him.

Éve could never stay still in any one place and she moved from Lourdes to Tunis, and back to Toulon and the Vosges. She tried to get into convents but the nuns wouldn't have her on account of her past, and that spy story.

Nine years before she died, in 1929, Éve was told she had a fatal disease of the kidneys. By this time the two women were writing their sins out, "in search of humility," prior to confession. They spent hours daily over the catechism and rosary.

Gradually Éve made over nearly all her money to the Church or the poor. She went up to Paris and for the last time gazed on the past as they auctioned her flat and its flamboyant contents for a million francs. This was in 1924. She then went for three years to Tunisia where she was too ill to do the nursing of the nuns, but was admitted to the Third Order of Franciscans, thanks to the Bishop of Carthage, Mgr. Lemaitre. If ever Éve advances towards canonisation, it will be due considerably to the testimony this priest left behind. Yet Éve abandoned his instruction in 1925 at the call of her daughter, and the Monsignor declared himself defeated. The daughter, who called herself John, was leading a gay life in a Vosges château, and Éve settled near by. She had slipped again, and was refused confession for scores of miles around, owing to her relations with a Monsieur D——, who later wrote a shocking book, saying that he used to give Éve heroin every day. From then to the end, it was a case of constantly increasing suffering amid a rising religious ecstacy, in a plain, bare country cottage at Thuillères, at the foot of the Vosges. Éve kept £20 a month for Leona and herself, and made over the rest to charity. Newspaper reporters haunted her for her story of how she was "converted." "Tell them," she would say, "the story of my (*Continued on page* 66)

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soul is not for sale." In all this last period she spoke for publication only with one man, Robert de Flers.

In May, 1929, Éve insisted that Leona marry a local man. She left her companion £4 a month and the cottage. The rest went to the poor. On July 9 Éve was dead, clasping a crucifix. Once we overlook contributory causes, there is no doubt that Éve showed in her cruel last years that radiant submission associated with sainthood. She lies beneath a wooden cross on which she caused to be written: "You who created me, have pity on me," from the prayer of Thaïs, her celebrated forerunner.

END

Saint Éve?

Night in Algiers

(*Continued from page 12*)

But half-way through dinner Obitz was still uncomfortably conscious of the empty chair at his side in which Peter Tracy usually sat.

His eyes wandered to the table across the room. Alison Moore was very lovely this night. She was desirable, he thought wistfully. Poor, damned Tracy, up there on the boat deck looking at the stars, and his woman down here in this circus, laughing her lovely head off with the champagne bought by her husband.

He rose suddenly and muttered an apology. He climbed the stairs to the boats, grunting on every step.

"Ahoy there, Tracy!" he called into the darkness, but Tracy was not there.

Then he grunted back to the stairs and to the bright lights. The cabin he wanted was below the promenade deck. He did not envy Tracy his cabin. From this passage the noise of music in the dining-room could be plainly heard. The noise apparently even drowned his knock on the door. Obitz turned the handle.

Then he stood very still. Tracy had turned off his main overhead light and was sitting at the small desk on the far side of the cabin, his face sideways to the door. His eyes were closed. A heavy book lay open before him on the desk, and his hands were resting on the page.

As Obitz watched, the hands moved. The fingers opened out and wandered slowly towards the margin of the page. At the same moment Tracy's lips broke apart. They opened and shut in silent speech. But Tracy's eyes remained closed.

His lips whispered suddenly into the gloomy cabin: "—and so on the fourth day they went down to——"

Tracy's eyes opened and he glanced at another book, a smaller book, lying also open on the table. He studied it for a moment and closed his eyes again. His fingers wandered slowly over the page of the heavy book, almost as if they were reading it. His lips said into the gloomy: "And so on the fifth day they sent down to——"

A cold shiver of understanding ran down the spine of the watching man. He turned to get away, before Tracy opened his eyes again.

His huge body caught the edge of the cabin door and sent it whining on to its hinges. Tracy started up and switched on the ceiling lamp. The two men stared into each other's eyes.

At last: "Better shut the door," Tracy said quietly.

Obitz did not take his eyes from the other.

"Braille, isn't it?" he whispered.

"Yes, Braille. Sorry you barged in on me like that. Don't be upset about it."

"You're learning to read that way. Is it—will it be necessary?"

A short laugh. "Very."

"I don't know what to say, Tracy."

"Then don't try to say it. There's no need. I've been prepared for it for a long time."

"Was it the war?"

"Yes. It's a kind of delayed action."

"But——"

"They've been giving out for a long time. The specialist says they'll go now in about six months."

Obitz sought the right words, but they would not come.

"Hence the Braille practice," Tracy said. "I don't want to feel the absolute idiot when it does happen, so I'm getting ready now."

"There's a man in Berlin—a specialist," Obitz ventured.

Tracy smiled gently. "I think I've seen a dozen now."

"But this is a friend of mine," Obitz said urgently. "Please promise me you will see him. He works miracles."

Tracy touched his hand. The kindliness of this huge man was moving.

"I promise you." Then he picked up the heavier book.

Obitz handled the Braille book, but his eyes were on the other man's face.

"I was such a fool to break in on you," he said, in a low voice.

"Somebody's got to know some time."

"Nobody else knows?"

"Only the specialist."

"Nobody on this ship?"

"Not a soul."

"You're not married?"

"No." A sigh of relief. "Thank God!"

"Oh, I don't know. Sometimes the right woman . . ." He left it unsaid.

"Have a cigarette," Tracy suggested, reaching for the box.

"You'll forget this happened, of course," Tracy said suddenly: "Naturally I don't want strangers on a cruise like this to know. This holiday is my little beanfeast before the thing happens,"

"I understand."

Tracy laughed the constraint out of the atmosphere.

"What's it like on the boat deck?" he asked quietly. "Has that new moon put in an appearance yet? I think I'll go and have a look at it."

AT Algiers Ray Moore said: "The beauty of a trip like this is that it gives you a chance of making contact with men who've only been names to you all your business life. I wouldn't miss seeing this fellow in Algiers. But it makes it kind of dull for you."

"Don't be silly." Alison glanced at herself in the stateroom mirror. "I'd have enjoyed meeting him. You ought to know that."

"And spoil your day here!"

Quietly: "Some day you'll get it into your head that a woman likes sometimes to be with her husband."

"But, sweetheart, we'll be talking shop all the time." He did not understand the half-smile on her lips. "You'll have a much better time seeing the sights. Who are you going with?"

"Peter Tracy."

IT was a laughing day for Alison Moore. She laughed a lot with Peter Tracy as they climbed the stairs from the dock to the busy streets. They laughed joyously as they sat down at a pavement table in the rue d'Isly for their first drink.

"Just a little one," Peter Tracy said. "To celebrate."

"To celebrate what?"

"All this," he said. "It's something to celebrate. It won't happen again during the cruise—not quite like this."

"You and I alone? Sitting here drinking and in love?"

He looked at her across the table.

"In love? I don't know what you mean."

"Don't you?" Her fingers played with his. "What a pity. Because it's the loveliest thing in the world."

Their madness went with them along the street. It stayed with them during their lunch at the "Aletti," and sat in their car when they went sightseeing. It was a puckish madness when they visited the shops together, buying each other ridiculous souvenirs, and a wistful madness as the day grew older and the lights came on in the blue-hazed streets.

A silence grew on them as they turned their steps at last towards the docks.

A siren wailed mournfully from the docks,

and Alison tightened her grip on Tracy's arm.

She said quickly : " A last drink, darling. Just to keep us together here for a few more minutes."

He glanced at his watch. " We can't do it. We've only ten minutes to get to the ship."

She stared dumbly at him. A slim shape introduced itself into their misery.

" Don't be silly, Mr. Tracy," said Peggy Geddes, one of their ship acquaintances. " The ship doesn't leave till seven o'clock. You've another hour."

" But I thought it was six," Tracy said.

" Seven," said Peggy definitely. " You've an hour and ten minutes." She turned away : " Good-bye-ee ! "

They stood staring at each other, but a smile of foolish relief was routing their dismay.

" Deliverance ! " Alison laughed shakily. " It's fate, Peter."

For an hour they sat together, saying little, but understanding.

They broke their glasses on the table when they rose to go, a gesture of farewell which amused the other café loungers and scandalised the waiter. Then they ran down the steps to the docks to find that their ship, due to leave at six o'clock, had waited for half an hour and departed without them.

There was a note for them from Ray Moore saying :

You Crazy Pair,

Here's some money in case Peter's run out. I had to sail because I must meet an important man in Barcelona. Peggy Geddes has told me of the silly mistake she made. You might have known better than listen to that nit-wit. Wire me on board that you will join the ship at Barcelona, when we get alongside. There's a good service from Algiers to Barcelona direct.

In haste,

RAY

Before they left the docks they radioed the ship that they would join it at Barcelona.

They went back to the bright lights of the street above, without looking at each other, without speaking. In the first big store they bought some necessary toilet articles. They bought them all without more than a casual word to each other, till Alison suddenly said : " Is it an occasion for mourning? What are we so dumb about ? Let's go to the 'Aletti' soon, Peter, and get our rooms, and then see what Algiers has to offer."

At dinner she said : " It's our night, Peter. Let's take it as if there was no yesterday from which we came—separately."

He said soberly : " And no to-morrow to which we shall return separately."

" Still reminding me ! Does nothing wear you down? "

" Nothing ! "

He laughed at her mocking face. It said back to him : " Not even my confession that I knew all the time that the ship sailed at six? "

" Not even that."

" You knew I knew? "

" Yes."

Her eyes regarded him gravely. " So did you ! We're very much the same. Let's accept it. I'm fighting for it all the time. You're fighting against it. It would be fun if we could fight together for a change."

He laughed jerkily : " We're not fighting in any way at all to-night. We're going to play. Enjoy your dinner, and stop being serious. You're much more attractive smiling."

They lingered over the dinner, linked in the intimacy of its truant joys. They then sauntered down to the street and hired a taxi-cab.

They drove through the cool blue night to La Corniche. Under the stars they sipped champagne, and listened to the music and danced in the midst of the rhythmically moving crowd.

They stayed for hours and left, finally, when a new spirit grew upon Tracy, wanting to shake off the softness of the mood that was drawing him closer to the woman.

" Let's go ! " he said abruptly.

They breathed deeply as they went out on to the street, and walked towards their hotel.

She slipped her hand through his arm. " It's all been wonderful. Shall we ever look back on all this? "

" And remember the fun we've had

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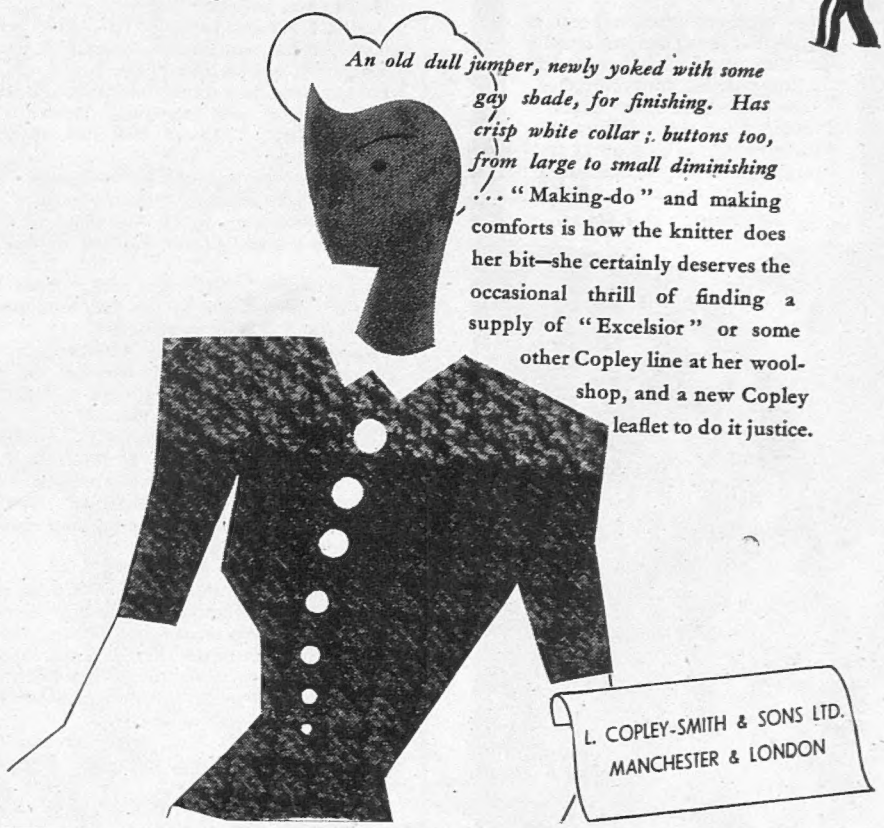

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together? Of course we shall remember."

"I've never known anybody just like you, Peter, but I've always wanted to."

He walked silently beside her. They turned a corner and the silent hotel loomed out of the blue night.

"Somebody to have fun with and to believe in. You're everything I've always wanted."

He did not answer.

"And I always thought the other person would feel the same way. Funny it should have turned out so differently."

He kept his face rigidly towards the hotel.

"Don't you feel anything, Peter?" she asked quickly. "Don't you feel anything about me at all?"

They went through the hotel door.

"You know I do," he said quietly, "but darling"—refusing to be serious—"it's too late in life for an old one like me to feel like that."

"Oh, God!" She ran away from him towards the stairway. He followed slowly and mounted the steps after her.

She was standing in the sitting-room that separated their bedrooms, waiting for him. He closed the door behind him and she did not take her eyes from his face.

"Is it really too late, Peter?"

He stood irresolute for a moment. Her yellow hair gleamed in the lamplight. Her eyes were wide open and anxious. Her lips remained apart slightly after she had spoken. Then he nodded slowly.

"You know it is, Alison."

She crumpled up into the sofa at her knees. He turned away, but at the sound of her sobs he felt a brute and went back to her. He sat down on the sofa beside her and put his arm around her body. She turned her head into his shoulder and wept quietly against him.

At last she lay still in his arm.

"Sorry, Peter." Her voice was muffled. "Never take a woman out again who does this kind of thing."

She laughed shakily and faced him. A sudden sympathy and gentleness swept over her.

"Darling," she said, "you're terribly tired. Your eyes!"

He stiffened. "My eyes?"

"They're all strained and odd-looking, Peter. And it's all my fault. I've worn you out with my silly emotions. But I'll bathe them for you, darling. I bought some stuff to-day that's awfully good for the eyes."

The stiffness went out of him.

"Your poor eyes. They look so tired." She was close to him. He leaned against her. The lovely smell of her, and the softness, filled him with loneliness and longing.

"It can't ever mean anything, Alison," he murmured, resisting her.

She mothered his head.

"I know. I know," she soothed him. "Don't worry about it. Your poor eyes, my darling."

His head drooped on her breast and her arms went round him.

TRACY was forward in the bow of the boat watching England glide past in the grey mist. He heard Alison's footsteps recede as she walked away from him down the deck, but he did not turn his head to watch her, although he knew she was walking out of his life. Soon they would be in Southampton and the strain would be over.

She had mentioned Algiers only once. They had played and lazed in the sun, talked and gossiped, loved with their eyes; and she had waited for him to speak.

In the bow of the boat a minute before she had said: "You need me, Peter. You know it and I know it. What is it that keeps you away from me?"

She said steadily: "I knew in Algiers that we were for each other. You knew it, too."

They stood facing each other. His face was strained.

"Algiers."

And in a moment she was contrite. She held out her hand. "You gave me a fair warning, Peter. I can't squeal—not that I want to."

Night in Algiers

She was gone, and he listened to her feet go down the deck behind him. She was lonely for him, he thought, but she did not know how lonely he was for her. She would never guess now. He turned round. She was at the moment taking a radio message from a page boy.

A wireless from someone in England welcoming them, Tracy thought.

Alison walked down the promenade deck. The radio was for Ray.

She felt her heart beat a little faster. She looked at the envelope again. A wild, treasonable, fantastic hope assailed her.

Wall Street had crashed again, perhaps, and they had lost all their money. This was another crash! She knew it! As she fingered the message, she knew it.

This was their way out! Ray would need her now. She wanted him to need her. Peter apparently would never need her.

She ran down the deck to the lift. Moore was just disappearing through the door of their cabin.

"Ray!" she cried. "This radio. Read it, Ray! Quickly!"

He laughed and took her arm and drew her into the cabin.

He tore open the envelope. She stood, her left hand against her breast, while he read it. Her eyes were wide and expectant.

"Honey, we've doubled on that stock! I got out at the right moment. We've made fifty thousand dollars!"

She stared at him unbelievingly. Her heart seemed to stop beating. Ray's eyes were shining.

"Boy! Can you beat that? Another fifty thousand!" His face glowed with happy enthusiasm. "The tide's with us, and nothing can stop us, Alison. We'll make a million this year!"

There was no answering light in her face. She walked away to the porthole.

"And what'll we do with it, Ray?"

"What'll we do with it, sweetheart? With a million?"

"Yes, Ray. What'll we do with it?"

"Mean to say you wouldn't know what to do with a million?"

He did not need her. Ray did not need her either. She slipped past him and went out hurriedly and mounted the stairs to the deck.

She went forward quickly through the small groups and leaned against the promenade rail. Peter was up there still in the bow of the boat.

She turned away. Obitz had been leaning against the rail beside her, watching the lonely figure up forward.

He held out his fat hand.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Moore," he said. "It has been lovely to know you."

There was something in his quiet gaze she did not understand.

"Funny running into you again," he said; "I thought I had missed you in the bustle. And I've just sent down to your cabin a little letter of farewell."

She was touched. She said huskily:

"Thank you. That was lovely of you. But it's nicer seeing you like this. I don't think I shall read your letter now."

He held her hand. He said slowly, urgently:

"Yes, please. You must read it."

Something in his words held her attention. Beyond him she caught sight of Peter Tracy, alone, lonely.

Obitz said:

"It will tell you something that only I know . . . but that you ought to know . . . something you will want to know about Tracy. . . ."

TWO men stood in an Army office in Algiers, staring at each other across the void of years.

Ray Moore said awkwardly: "I'm glad everything went right with you, Tracy . . . your eyes, I mean. . . . And Alison."

END

1.2.43

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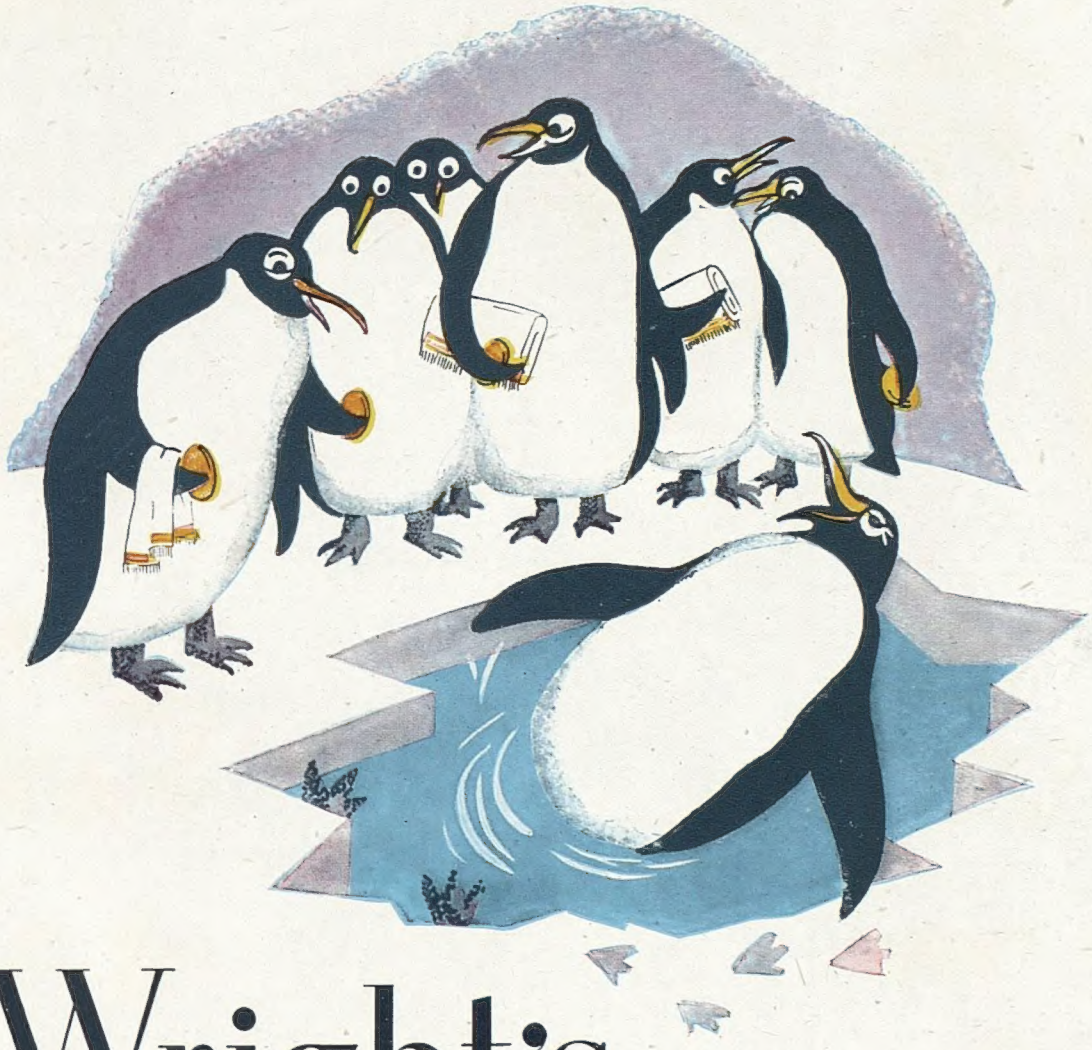

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